

THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 245.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1832.

PRICE
FOURPENCE.

*. A Supplement Sheet of Eight Pages is published with the present Number—GRATIS.

This Journal is published every Saturday Morning, and is despatched by the early Coaches to Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Dublin, and other large Towns, and reaches Liverpool for distribution on Sunday Morning, twelve hours before papers sent by the post. For the convenience of persons residing in remote places, the weekly numbers are issued in Monthly Parts, stitched in a wrapper, and forwarded with the Magazines to all parts of the World.

REVIEWS

The Visit. London: Fraser.

THE announcement of this little tale states, that it "is intended to illustrate the country life of the higher class of the English aristocracy." The appearance of the work will command more than common consideration. The typography is singularly beautiful, and the engraved ornaments are of a very superior description. The frontispiece is really a work of art. The botanical representation of the curious bee orchis, coloured from nature, will deservedly attract attention; and the illuminated title-page—for it deserves to be so called, rather than engraved—is extremely elegant. Whether the earl's coronet in the centre refers to the rank of the fair author, or to the story, we shall leave the reader to determine; but the whole getting up is not only out of the common style, but indicates an employment of wealth and taste, such as authors who write for profit hardly dare venture on.

We must, however, defer our notice of the work itself until next week. We the less regret this delay, as it will not be published for some days. From the slight glance that we have taken of the earlier part of the volume, we are enabled to say, that it is the production of a very amiable mind, perfectly familiar with that class of life which the author has undertaken to describe. In dipping into the story there appears in it a greater degree of romance than, from the simplicity of the style and the natural ease of the narrative, we had anticipated.

LARDNER'S CABINET CYCLOPEDIA.

The History of Spain and Portugal. Vol. III. London: Longman.

THIS third volume comprehends the histories of Navarre, Barcelona, and Arragon, down to the union of these countries with Castile, and the history of Portugal to the beginning of the sixteenth century. All that was excellent in the former volumes, and which drew from us such warm commendation, is conspicuous in this; and never has judgment been more apparent than in the discrimination with which the writer has sifted the fables and exaggerations of the original historians of Spain—perhaps scepticism has gone a trifle too far. If there be anything to which we must object, it is the writer's evident bias towards ultra-royal opinions. This feeling was excusable in the Spanish historians, who were for personal safety obliged to pay deference to predominant authority; but an Englishman has no such apology, and, without intending to question the integrity of the writer, we cannot but believe that his opinions have, upon occasions, influenced his judgment—for instance, the conduct of the States of Arragon is not always considered in a liberal,

enlarged, or, in our judgment, wise spirit, and the influence of the States is not put so prominently forward as it ought to have been. But, after all, it is possible that these objections originate in the feeling we are condemning in another; we have, no doubt, a bias of our own; and shall therefore conclude by recommending the work to our readers as the very best on the subject with which we are acquainted, either foreign or English.

The Ruins of Athens, with other Poems. By a Voyager. Washington: Thompson & Homans.

THERE is as much nature and genius in this little volume, as will give the author a place, and not a very low one, among the American poets. We have in these pages some very successful verses, full of home feelings, and impressed with the image of the author's fatherland; we have also some wearing a very different aspect, and so vigorous and true, that we cannot help quoting as well as praising them—the poet is in Athens:—

Morn hush'd as midnight—save the bee's wild hum,
Or lizard rustling through the unshorn grass;
Faint sounds, but startling—for 'tis one wide tomb,
And still we pause and ponder as we pass.
Here Desolation is, and Empire was!
No stone, however rude, but seems to wear
Some trace of mind, as we withhold our pace
Where turf and temple blend their dust, and share
The spirit of the spot—the dreams of things that were.

Dwellings of gods and monuments of men,
All, wherein power and glory placed their trust,
A wreck, a name, as they had never been.
Of some, the winds have striven the vanish'd dust:
And some beneath the gather'd rubbish rust
Where the weed rustles and the waves retire;
Untomb the tomb—remove the earthing crust—
Less freshly springs the grass, or flaunts the briar,
Than if from common mould their rankness did aspire?

The bark flies on, and shuns the lonely shore,
The bay, whose wave seems never to have borne
A keel, nor rippled to the dip of oar.
But the shy sea-bird there hath found a lorn
And quiet home: and of the plover o'er
The hills is heard the melancholy cry.
Yet here, their wealth, did thronging nations pour,
And wafted by the winds of every sky,
Their tribute bring as to an Ocean-Deity.

But so it is: Earth from her old lap shakes
Cities as dust; the myriads of to-day
To-morrow rot; the harrow comes and rakes
The soil—they fertilize their kindred clay.
But Nature bounds all smiling from decay,
Light on the mountain, music in the wave,
And dews with incense laden come, as they
Were gather'd from no flowers that srew the grave,
And shores by Ruin heap'd, as from a charnel-cave.

Of the poems which claim America for their scene, one of the best is the 'Song of the Fairy Mariner,' which the poet says is founded on an old nautical superstition: we shall quote it entire:—

Song of the Fairy Mariner.

It is the hour when Sprites have power,
A merry crew are we;
The cock crows soon—so follow the moon,
And let the breeze come free;
Bring blast from mountain, flood from glen,
Bring upper and bring nether,
Till air and ocean have but one motion,
And let 'em roar together!

Ha, bravely done! a merrier tune
Was never pip'd by wind;
The waters, like a cataract,
Come foaming on behind:
One Sprite, go, damp the day-star lamp,
I've borrow'd the ship but till morn;
One up to the moon—go, Elf, and with
A cobweb stay her horn.

More hands! one Fairy's diving now
For the small pearl, and one
In chase of the Gold-fly bestrides
The slant beam of the Sun;
And one, the knave, has pilfer'd from
The Nautilus his boat,
And takes his idle pastime where
The water-lilies float.

And one is battling with the Owl,
And sooth, ere morn, I ween,
He'll need the old Monk's feathery cowl,
Such night hath never been;
And one is with the glow-worm's lamp
Lighting his Love to bed—
The lagging tricky Sprites—go, Elf,
And see them hither sped.

Haste! hither whip them with this end
Of spider's web—be brief!
The mast bends like a reed, and soon
It will be time to reef;
At every bound the waters flash
In thunder from her prow;
And, like a bird, she scarcely seems
To touch the white waves now.

Hilloah—more hands! for we must make
A thousand leagues ere morn;
Blow, wind! till not a crested wave
Leap from the deep unshorn;—
Blow!—sweep their white tops into mist,
As merrily we roam,
Till the wide sea one bright sheet be,
One sheet of fire and foam.

The horned Moon will soon go down,
And then our course is up;
Our frigate then the cockle-shell,
Our boat the bean-flower cup.
More hands! more hands! Haste—hurry! Elves!
From thicket, lake, and swamp,
We'll dash the waters in her face
Till they put out her lamp.

Ha! here they come, skimming the foam
And dripping through the spray,
Like water sprites: a gallant crew
There was never, black, white, or grey:
Bring blast from mountain, flood from glen,
Bring upper and bring nether,
Till air and ocean have but one motion,
And let 'em roar together!

But look! the Moon!—O for a spell
To stay her setting horn!
Hist! Fairies, hist! she fades like mist
In the dewy light of morn.
Our course is run, our work is done,
A thousand leagues ere day:
Shout! shout! a merry peal ring out
And wake the churls—away!

There is a singular coincidence both in conception and handling, between this legendary strain from the great Western Continent, and a song written in our own little Island many years ago—we quote three of the verses:—

The Elfin Miller.

Full merrily rings the millstone round,
Full merrily rings the wheel,
Full merrily gushes out the grist,
Come taste my fragrant meal;
As sends the lift its snowy drift,
So the meal comes in a shower.
Work, fairies, fast, for time flies past,
I borrowed the mill an hour.

The miller he's a worldly man,
And must have double fee,
So draw the sluice of the churl's dam,
And let the stream come free.

Shout, fairies, shout—see gushing out,
The meal comes like a river:
The top of the grain, on hill and plain,
Is ours and shall be ever.

One elf is chasing the wild bat's wing,
And one the white owl's horn,
One hunts the fox for the white of his tail,
And we winna have him till morn;
One idle fay with the glow-worm's ray
Runs glimmering 'mongst the mosses;
Another goes tramp, with Will-o'-Wisp's lamp,
To light a lad to the lasses.

There are three other verses all bearing the same resemblance to the American song, which may be remarked in these; nor is this all, 'The Mariner's Adieu,' which stands at the head of this volume, is far more like 'The Mariner's Song' of Allan Cunningham than a lover of originality would desire.

Anecdota Græca: descriptis J. F. Boissonade.
4 vols. 8vo. Paris.

THIS is one of those contributions to classical literature, which we despair of seeing emulated in this country,—we mean, the publication, at the expense of the nation or some corporate body, of those ancient manuscripts preserved in our libraries, which, without possessing sufficient interest to ensure a remunerative sale, would be valuable, as books of reference, to those engaged in learned investigations. The greater part of the tracts that have been thus edited by Boissonade, are the productions of Byzantine writers, and tend to illustrate the most interesting portion of the history of the Lower Empire. The affected obscurity, the depraved taste, and, in some instances, the perfect barbarism of the writers, rendered the publication of these works hopeless, as a mere bookselling speculation; and without the aid of the government they could not have appeared. That aid, however, was cheerfully conceded; and though it cannot be denied that many of the tracts are of little or no value, it is but justice to add, that there are others whose merits will well repay the student's labour. The epistles of Theodulus, in the second volume, contain a most graphic account of the devastation of the Eastern Empire by the Catalans and Turks in the fourteenth century. As specimens of the learning of that age, we have two declamatory exercises from the same writer, on that hackneyed topic, the contest of Euphorion and Polemarchus. They are such speeches as might be written by a ready school-boy, who had a greater command of words than ideas; and we cannot discover in them that acuteness of which the learned editor speaks; but the style, language, and structure, possess a higher degree of purity than we should have expected in the last ages of the Byzantine dynasty. The third volume contains a satirical description of a visit to hell, in which an opportunity is taken to lash, very severely, some of the principal characters in the court of Manuel Palæologus; and the fourth volume contains the life of Barlaam, whose strange career as a secretary and a legate is well known to every reader of Gibbon. The theological tracts interspersed through these volumes shed more light on the history of the Greek church, in the middle ages, and its peculiar superstitions, than has hitherto been conceded to the Western Christians; but the perusal of them is painful; for it is ever a sad contemplation to see perverted ingenuity and mistaken piety engaged in the support of

absurd legends, such as those that, in the eastern church, nearly supplanted the pure simplicity of the gospels.

Le Livre des Cent-et-Un. Vol. V. Paris, Ladvocat.

[Third Notice.]

THE following is translated from a paper by Henry Monnier.

The Album Mania.

"The origin of Albums dates from a very remote period. They are of German origin. A man, on the eve of a long journey, sent a book to his friends to receive contributions in drawings, poetry, or music, to which family letters were often added. In a distant land he found this volume a delightful travelling companion. When his mind wanted the associations of friendship, or his heart yearned towards those on whom his best affections were centered, he opened this album and listened to the fond voice of maternal counsel, the tender solicitude of a beloved sister, or the gentle endearings of the first woman he ever loved.

"The Album was a book of the heart, in which were treasured all the most cherished affections.

"By degrees the original idea and object were lost sight of, and Albums were filled with drawings made by mere acquaintances, with sketches often purchased at the picture-dealers'—or oftener still, obtained by importunity from the careless generosity of artists.

"Next came the frightful race of amateur artists, who amuse themselves for a couple of hours with an object of art, as a child with a toy. These people are a thousand times more disgusting than amateur picture-dealers; they come in the morning to your studio, where they remain until their dinner hour. Noisy and idle, they talk of nothing but the price of horses and turkeys, or the fashionable beauties of the day—they overturn your easel—write their name upon your casts, and wear you out with their insignificance. Such, with very few exceptions, is the race of pretended amateurs.

"Five or six years ago, when the profession of artist was one by which a man could live, these amateurs sprang up. Many of them took it into their heads to become dealers. Some made purchases, which they sold a few days after to their friends at three hundred per cent. profit, whilst others, less fortunate, lost large sums of money.

"This species of jobbing was tolerated by artists, who learned from these pedlars of a new kind, the current value of their works. In a word, they encouraged the system, for they found it a source of great profit; it enabled them to build their cottages, purchase horses and dogs, dream of rich heiresses whom they never married, and paved the way for the future mortification of getting rid of their equipages and studs, and of being forced by their tailors to take the air only on Sundays.

"Soon, however, the haunters of studios found that their day was passed; for the pretensions of artists became higher in proportion as their wants increased; but, as the album fever still raged, a new plan was hit upon, that of giving dinners. They invited those painters, none of whose drawings had yet appeared in the Album to be filled; and the lady of the house contrived to make her guests pay for the dinner.

"Whilst the coffee was served in the drawing-room, the *salle à manger* was transformed into a studio, and, at a given signal, the poor artists were led to a large round table, upon which were spread drawing paper, pencils, indian ink, and boxes of water-colours.

"Nothing was more ridiculous than these assemblies—the miserable rivalry, the impromptu

prepared beforehand, the hollow and exaggerated compliments, uttered with a lying heart and smooth tongue; then came the 'particular favours' requested by the master of the house, of a drawing for the album of Madame this, and Mr. that, dear friends of the hostess.

"Meantime, the fair ladies and gallant gentlemen who had come to share in the gaieties of the evening, were pent up in a drawing-room too small to hold in comfort an eighth part of them; those who could not find places, took their station behind the artists. Then came a stout gentleman with broad shoulders, huge whiskers, and calves to his legs like those of the Farnese Hercules, who, advancing with a firm step and an air indicating that he was on excellent terms with himself, began a song, words and music composed by himself, and dedicated to his friend Mr. * * *, as little known as the author. Then, without solicitation, he murdered, for the thousandth time, the cavatina of the poor *Barbiere*, amidst the giggling and tramping of the crowd, the obligato accompaniment of opening and shutting doors, and the announcement of little Madame D—, with her ugly acid look, her wrapped up head, and her bare black shoulders, forcing her way through the crowd of ladies, to take the place reserved for her near the hostess, whilst her noble husband was discussing in the next room, with the voice of a Stentor, the debates in the Chamber of Deputies or the price of stocks.

"Between the songs, the ladies hustle towards the table of the artists. 'Ah! that is the profile of M. de la Boissière!' 'Oh! that is a tree!'—'Mama,' says a little girl, 'that is M. Desfeuillis.' And then the common-places, 'How fast you draw, Sir!' and 'Will you allow me to show you my daughter's drawings?' she is only six years old, and is wonderfully clever. Then the pale-faced, light-haired young gentleman observes to the pretty girl hanging on his arm, that 'Drawing is an agreeable pastime.' And that stock-broker, with one thumb in the sleeve-hole of his white waistcoat, whilst the fingers of the other hand are playing with an enormous bunch of watch seals, protests in mere idleness that he would sacrifice a finger of his useless hands to be able to draw like those gentlemen; though the other day at Tortoni's, when speaking of the works of Charlet and Bellangé, he asked who would be fool enough to purchase such trash.

"After all these opinions upon art, so freely given, come the requests of the visitors. How many poor artists have I seen shudder and compress their lips convulsively, at perceiving a young lady carefully fold their beautiful drawing into the form of a letter, and put it into her reticule; and yet he ought to have considered himself fortunate if it were not dropped in the ante-chamber to become the plaything for children or servants.

"Invitations were also given for the country. The artist, delighted at the jaunt, took his place in some diligence passing within three or four miles of the country-house. He arrived perhaps at three o'clock in the morning, with his portmanteau under his arm, and waited in an ante-room until his noble hosts had risen. He remained three or four months, made sketches of the whole neighbourhood, and returned to town with an empty portfolio, after leaving the whole contents of his purse with the servants.

"The fashion of Albums passed—amateurs began to make drawings, superior, in their estimation, to those of artists; and the works of the latter were no longer purchased. * * *

"One man alone derived benefit from the revolution in the fine arts, consequent upon our political convulsions; that is M. Rouget, proprietor of the *restaurant* in the Rue de Valois. At his house, all the celebrated of the age of Albums assemble from five till seven in the

evening, where they forget their dreams of fame and fortune, their invitations to dinner, and the patronage of lovers of Albums."

The Heliotrope; or, Pilgrim in pursuit of Health. Canto First. London: Whiting.

THE Pilgrim who goes abroad in quest of health, and so far forgets the advice of friends and physicians as to commence poet, has little chance of returning home a sounder or a wiser man than he went away. The feverish intercourse which he maintains with the muse is prejudicial to a return of health; the labour, too, of doing all the hills, and cities, and rivers, and matrons, and madonnas into rhyme, cannot fail to be hurtful; and unless the publication of his verses evokes the evil spirit of poeise out of him, he is lost to his friends and to the world for ever. We are afraid, however, that in the present instance we have been throwing away our sympathy; really our sick pilgrim sings a healthy and vigorous strain; we now and then, indeed, see symptoms of weakness, and hear a low and a feeble voice, but, on the whole, he acquires himself like one who has health to throw away rather than to seek. We cannot, however, spare room for an account of his wanderings from sea to shore; and it is the less to be regretted, since it has been his pleasure to make a descent upon Italy, and "our picked man of countries" sings through the entire canto,

— of the Alps and Apennine,
The Pyrenean and the river Po.

There is enough talent in the following song to justify us for extracting it; and with it we bid farewell to the first canto of 'The Heliotrope.'

The mid-watch is set;
O'er the dark heaving billow
Night's shadows have met.
Then awake from thy pillow!
Let the bell of St. Remo
Give warmth to thy zeal,
At the voice of thy patron
Kneel, mariner, kneel!
From his shrine on the cliff,
In thy joyance or cumber,
He pilots thy skiff,
Though its master may slumber!
When like weeds o'er the waters
Storm-drifted we reel,
The dark cloud he scatters—
Kneel, mariner, kneel!
Tho' the mast like an osier
Be stript in the gale;
One sign from his crossier
Can rescue thy sail!
Then to holy St. Remo,
Who wakes for thy weal,
And the sainted Madonna,
Kneel, mariner, kneel!
From the welkin and wave,
As we bow to his relief,
From the mountain and cave,
Hark! voices angelic:
"In doubt and in danger
To guard and to cheer,
The star mid the darkness,
St. Remo is near!"

LARDNER'S CABINET LIBRARY.

Military Memoirs of Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington. By Capt. Moyle Sherer. Vol. II.

It is now eighteen months† since, in the language of the Captain, we "fretted handsome" under the first volume of his immortal work, and with no "loud weakness of voice" exposed its manifold and disgraceful blunders. The second was, at that time, announced to appear on the 1st of April! and we persuade

ourselves, that the long interval has been passed in revising and correcting. There is a modesty in this that quite disarms us, although, under circumstances, it might have been better to have left the work imperfect; for the Captain, in his extreme nervousness, has not permitted one original opinion to remain in the volume, which is a mere compilation and abridgment from Southey, Napier, and others. As to matters of "cackelology," they are not worth wasting a thought upon; but we could not help smiling at the caution of the editor of the Library, who, having come in for a little lashing for permitting such a skittish colt as the Captain to run in single harness, thinks it prudent now to announce, that "the work being of a professional nature, that interference which is generally understood to fall within the province of an editor, has not, in the present instance, been exercised by Dr. Lardner."

Popular Zoology. London: J. Sharp.

THIS is a pretty little volume, as all are that issue from the Chiswick press. But we have heretofore acknowledged our obligation to Mr. Whittingham, for "the Gardens and Menagerie of the Zoological Society," a work without a rival for beauty of typography and illustration; and we must still recommend all who desire to make a welcome and splendid present to a young relative or friend to purchase the latter—and it may be some temptation to them when they hear that the price has been reduced to twenty-four shillings for the two matchless volumes.

The Van Diemen's Land Almanack for the Year 1832. Hobart Town, Edited and Printed by H. Melville—London: Smith, Elder & Co.

WE spoke last year with the warmest commendation of the first volume of this useful, and, we may add, interesting work. Much of the information then collected, is embodied in the present volume, which has, however, many valuable additions. To all who have any thoughts of emigrating, or desire correct information respecting the colony, this little work will be invaluable.

The Mercantile Navy Improved. With Explanatory Drawings. By James Ballinghall. London: Morrison.

THE security which Mr. Ballinghall's plan of doubling ships' bottoms to a certain height upwards affords, is a recommendation which ought not to be overlooked by our merchants and ship-owners. It is acknowledged by every seaman that there is not a more difficult point of his duty than that of keeping a ship clear of her anchor; and Mr. Ballinghall adduces an instance of a ship sinking in the river from that circumstance alone. Had she been fortified according to Mr. Ballinghall's method, it would not have happened. We do not know a system better calculated for the safety, cleanliness, and economy of the ship and her cargo, than that which Mr. Ballinghall proposes.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE feverish look of these vacillating times had chased, we imagined, all poetry away: the muses, like doves, fluttered by a fire in their residence, have returned, and, though their strains are neither lofty nor loud, they are, nevertheless, pleasing to the ear and welcome to the heart. 'Angel Visits, and other Poems,' by James Kiddall Wood, were written, the author says, amid the pressure of business or the misery of a sick chamber; and we are sorry for it; because, we think, if the hand and mind of the author had been free and unfettered, he would have cheered us with a strain more vigorous and

varied, though, perhaps, not more pure and pious than this. The poet recounts and illustrates the visits which the angels of God made in ancient times to the dwellings of men—commencing with Adam, and concluding with Abraham: he follows Scripture closely, adopting its language and expanding its truths. We cannot, however, conceal from ourselves that, notwithstanding many stanzas are pleasing to read and some in a spirit of nature which we like, the piety of the work is of a better order than its poetry.

'Poems, chiefly Religious,' by Jacques.—We feel, as well as the author seems to do, the right tendency of these rhymes, yet we wish that he had refrained from printing them: any one who reads them will soon see that they want spirit and feeling. We wish men would refrain from doing religion into rhyme: piety is much better in the simplicity of prose than in the dullness of verse.

'The Mother's Present to her Daughter.'—This very little and very pretty volume was printed in Dublin, and contains many pages of prose and verse by the most popular of our authors: the same may be said of 'The Sacred Harp,' in which all the poets of any merit are laid under contribution.

'Clarenswood, or, Tales of the North.'—There are two stories in this neat and well-embellished volume: one is called 'Glenavon, a Tale of Destiny,'—the other, 'The Pledge of Peace; a Tale of Love, War, and Tyranny—Treachery, and Usurpation.' There are, doubtless, many passages, both of force and feeling, in these tales, but the language in which they are related wants simplicity and ease. The sentiments are often just, and the situations now and then new. The author concludes by saying to his reader, "We meet again at Philippi." We hope we shall be living to see this meeting: we advise him, however, to walk less on tiptoe when he comes, and speak more like a man of this world.

'Authentic Information relative to New South Wales.'—Mr. Busby, the author, was formerly Collector of the Internal Revenue, and Member of the Land Board of New South Wales, and, consequently, what he says may be regarded as little less than official. We cannot spare space for details, but we have no hesitation in recommending the little book to all who desire to emigrate to that distant pastoral land.

'An Offering of Sympathy to Parents bereaved of their Children.'—This is a little volume, full of good feeling, and the intention is, no doubt, most excellent; but "the heart knoweth its own secrets," and refuses to be comforted in any other way than according to its own nature. It is not the reading of a book full of learning and eloquence that will soothe a stricken spirit—no, nor the counsel or sympathy of many friends: time and the fulfilment of our duties are, after all, perhaps, the surest way to resignation and peace. We have seen few works of this domestic kind that were not too artificial and laboured for our taste.

'Byron's Narrative of the loss of the Wager.' Of all tales of shipwreck, hardship, and endurance, this is the most touching; some men will think its merit lies in having supplied Lord Byron with many hints for passages in his 'Don Juan,'—and no doubt it has done so; but with us, its attraction lies not only in the varied fortunes of the narrator, but in the simplicity of style and sincerity of manner in which the whole is related. We see no reason for printing it and binding it to match with Murray's Byron—it can stand very well by itself.

'The Tradesman's Guide.' This is an useful and convenient volume; it contains tables of superficial measurements calculated from one inch to two hundred inches in length, by one inch to an hundred and eight inches in breadth, and saves a world of figures, and what is equally important—time.

ORIGINAL PAPERS

THE OUDALISK'S SONG.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

THEY said that I was fair and bright,
And bore me far away—
Within the Sultan's halls of light,
A glittering wretch to stay;
They bore me o'er the dreary sea,
Where the dark wild billows foam—
Nor heard the sighs I heaved for thee,
My own—my childhood's home!

They deck my arms with jewels rare
That glitter in the sun,
And braid with pearls my long black hair—
I weep when all is done!
I'd give them all for one bright hour
Free and unwatched to roam:
I'd give them all, for one sweet flower
From thee—my childhood's home.

They bring my low-toned harp, and bid
My voice the notes prolong—
And oft my soul is harshly chid
When tears succeed to song:
Alas! my lip can sing no more,
When o'er my spirit come
The strains I heard in thee of yore,
My own—my childhood's home!

For then, the long-lost visions rise
Of happy sinless years—
I dare not hide my streaming eyes,
Yet cannot cease from tears:
I see the porch where wearily
My mother sits and weeps—
I see the couch where rosiely
My little brother sleeps.

I see the flowers I loved to tend,
Lie tangled on the earth;
I hear the merry voices blend—
Mine old companions' mirth!
Oh! what to me are gilded halls,
Rich vestments, jewels rare?
I'd rather live in cabin walls,
And breathe the mountain air.

Here the hot heavy winds are still,
The hours unwearied pass:
Oh! for the sunshine on the hill—
The dew upon the grass!
Oh! for the cool resounding shore,
The dark blue river's foam!
Shall my sick heart *never* see them more?
Woe! for my childhood's home!

WHEN THE WORLD WAS IN ITS YOUTH.

WHEN the world was in its youth,
(Now 'tis old and grey,)
There were maidens, fair and true,
Who felt love, and owned it, too:
Where, oh! where are they?

Is the world a wiser world?
Is it brighter grown?
Hath it kept its hopes of youth?
Or its brave free-hearted truth,
Since those maids have flown?

No? Then, if 't not better be
Than 'twas in its youth,
Let's call back those maidens to woo us;
Haply they may bring unto us
Gentle, gentle Truth.

AN ADVENTURE.

Unto

Mr. Leitch Ritchie, of London,
These.

DEAR SIR,—I duly acknowledge receipt of the half-crown, and of a copy of the *Athenæum* literary paper, which has been regularly sent me ever since. The title of this work is even as a sweet savour to the scholar, recalling the literary glories of the city of Ccerops, and associated with the names of the Cilician philosopher, and of him who is surnamed Naueratila, the author of the learned treatise *De Deipnosophistis*. Nevertheless, I am concerned to find that the editor is altogether neglectful of the ideas which no doubt suggest themselves every time he casts his eye upon the paper; and it is for the purpose of putting him in mind of his duty, and of showing him how to combine recreation with instruction, that I send, for the amusement of the readers of the *Athenæum*, the inclosed Dissertation on the Greek Particles. It will not fill more than half a number, or at most two thirds, and I demand for it ten shillings and sixpence; but, lest the conductors of a fourpenny paper should be startled by such a price, I inclose a brief narrative as before, † which I hope you will think worth half-a-crown of the money.

As for your charge of pedantry, it is as unfounded as the expression used by Scaliger to denote a pedant—*grammaticaster*—is low and base Latin. However, I ought rather to pity your ignorance than upbraid your presumption, convinced as I am that the editor of a paper with so Attic a name as the *Athenæum*, will perceive at a glance that I am more *grammaticus* than *grammatista*.

P. P.

The Answer.

DEAR SIR,—I regret to have to communicate to you an afflictive calamity, which has befallen your Dissertation on the Greek Particles. One evening, while enjoying its perusal, I was seized with an unaccountable drowsiness, and before I had reached the third page fell fast asleep. I dreamed that I was under the hands and birch of a remorseless pedagogue, and writhed and started so emphatically, that the candle was overturned and set fire to the precious manuscript, which burned, like the diamond, without leaving a residue, so that there is now not one particle extant of your Greek Particles!

This, however, was no fault of yours, and I send you the money demanded; but as the sum is a serious loss to a poor devil of an author like myself, I hope you will speedily fall in with a third adventure, and make some allowance in your charge. L. R.

THE ADVENTURE.

WHEN the flames of the burning of Bristol were extinguished, the turmoil of the city gradually subsided, and silence reigned, co-heir with desolation. The house, more especially, at the top whereof was my abode, resembled a ruin. The window glass had been shattered by the heat; and from the blackened walls, cracked and rent here and there, the inhabitants fled in disgust. Many of them besides—of those who had got clear off with their goods—owed arrears of rent; and this providential calamity, as they presumed, cancelled their debt to Cæsar. Thus

it happened, from one cause and another, that I was left alone in the desolate tenement.

No one came to ask me for my weekly sixpence—and of a truth, the charge would now have hardly been warranted by the accommodation; for the roof had in some places given way, and exposed me to "skyey influences," more applicable to the concerns of poetry than of human comfort. I had some thoughts at length of quitting the house; but the temptation of lodging rent-free confined me to my roost.

One evening, while sitting musingly listening to the distant noises of the street, I heard suddenly the unaccustomed sound of a heavy footstep on the stair. Upward it came—tramp—tramp—tramp,—its echoes rumbling through the deserted mansion, till at last it stopped on my own landing-place. First it passed into one room, then into another, the doors opening and shutting with a sound that made my heart quake—for this late visitor, whose approach was like the approach of one having authority, I thought must surely be the landlord! Finally the heavy footstep paused at the threshold of my apartment, and the door flying open, a tall man muffled in a cloak, and his hat slouched over his brow, stood before me.

"You are Peregrine Peters?" demanded he.

"My name is *Peregrinus* Peters."

"Why not *Petrus* also? Because you disclaim the qualities of a rock?"

"Except its poverty and barrenness."

"Well," said he, with a hard and bitter smile,

"You are poor at any rate; and I think you simple, if not honest. Can you keep a secret?"

"If it burthen not my conscience," replied I, "I will keep it; but, if it touches the shedding of blood—"

"Why the shedding of blood?" I could not answer the question. I had been looking in the stranger's face, and the idea presented itself. "What I require of you," said he, after a pause, "is a simple affair. You are to receive this into your custody;" putting into my hands a small box, of fine wood inlaid with silver, and resembling a case of mathematical instruments, only somewhat larger—"which you will deliver, unopened, into the hands of one who will come here to demand it of you. The person I allude to will ask no questions, and you are to promise solemnly to me, that you will not answer the questions of any other."

"Why do you ask this of me?" demanded I in surprise. "What connexion or acquaintance is there between us, that you should choose a poor grammarian for your agent?"

"A public writer," replied he, with the same peculiar smile I had noticed before, "should not wonder at his being known to all the world. At any rate, you are only a stranger among strangers, and it is no more surprising that I should choose you than another. You are poor, secluded from the prying world, and, perhaps, honest. This is sufficient for my purpose. Allow this box to remain with you; keep the terms I have appointed; and when you deliver it up you shall receive a reward, in coined money, that shall content you." The stranger had no sooner thrown down the small box than he turned upon his heel and suddenly left the apartment; and in another minute, the echoes of his footsteps died away in the distance.

The whole affair did not take more time than I have spent in telling; and I declare to you, that after the stranger had disappeared, I thought, for more than one minute, it was nothing better than a trick of the imagination. The box, however, remained, and this was tangible enough. It was about half a foot in length, and of an oblong figure, but scarcely so heavy as a case of instruments of the size. It was, notwithstanding, handsome enough outside, with its silver mountings; and after I had grown weary of turning it over and over, and

† See "Sally in our Alley," No. 220.

tormented myself so long as was possible with conjectures, as to the nature of its contents, I set it upon the mantel-piece for an ornament, and went to bed.

The next morning, before I was well up, the landlord, and a troop of surveyors and masons, were in the room to examine into the state of the premises, with a view to repair the house. Their attention was speedily attracted by the box; which was, indeed, a comely object, and the more remarkable, that with the exception of my trundle, or trundle bed, there was only a deal table in the apartment, and a chair of mahogany, that looked, however, as well as ebony. Presently they began to whisper, one with another, and to look, with a strange side-long look at me. I was, indeed, troubled at the expression of their eyes, and rejoiced when they at last departed.

An hour had scarcely elapsed when my attention was caught by a small quick foot upon the stair, and presently a little boy broke hastily into the room.

"Master," said he, (for he was an ancient pupil of mine,) "if you have stolen the box, run for your life!" I was thunderstruck with surprise at the lad's audacity.

"Come," continued he, "you have no time to stand staring; for the case, they say at the police, is clear against you. You were seen prowling up and down on the night of the fire, and lo! there is suddenly found in your room a silver box filled with bank notes to the lip!" It was clear enough, indeed, if the box contained money—which was not impossible from the unlucky stranger's harping so much about my honesty, I should certainly suffer death; and if, on the other hand, its contents were documents of importance, was it not my duty, as well as my interest, to make every effort to fulfil the tacit engagement into which I had been driven?

"Boy!" said I suddenly, "I am an innocent grammarian, but I must yield to fate."

"To fate? What is fate?—a halter?"

"*Fatum est quod dii fantur—Adieu!*" and hastily wrapping up my property in my pocket-handkerchief, and concealing as well as I was able the ill-omened box in the breast of my coat, I rushed into the street.

My grand object was to get clear of the town, till the noise of the event should die away; and seeing a countryman, whose son I had taught the humanities, riding homewards in his cart, I persuaded him to let me mount beside him. I soon, however, repented me of this plan, for methought every eye was turned upon me. I knew not whether my conscious imagination may not have played me a trick on the occasion; but, at any rate, my tall and spare figure, philosophic countenance, and raiment of decent black, that I had received as a gift from my grandmother on reaching man's estate, might well have attracted attention, perched upon the front of a turnip cart.

As we got further and further from the town, the curiosity of the passers by seemed to increase. This awakened the attention of the countryman with whom I rode; and, perceiving that I was an unwelcome passenger, I got down, and crept away along the side of a hedge.

Having walked till I was weary and faint, I stopped near a village, and went into the churchyard to rest. I had not been long seated when some boys, and afterwards some women, came to look at me. They were especially struck with the appearance of the box which lay beside me; and the females, after communing together in an indignant manner, threw such glances towards me as made my flesh creep.

"I tell you, they are surgical instruments," I could hear them exclaim, as they walked tumultuously away. "It is plain enough what he is prowling here for, and why, of late, folk cannot

rest in the village, even in their graves! Bide a bit!" added the termagant, shaking her clenched hand at me, as they left the consecrated ground.

I did not abide; for I have observed that one might as well be suspected of robbing a woman of her living child, as of her dead; and in either case, there is no animal in the creation more fierce, bloody, and relentless. I made my way over the wall; and, wrapping up the box in my bundle, (which I regretted I had not done at first,) skirted round the village, and regained the road at some distance beyond it.

I was at length faint with hunger, as well as weary and way-sore, and went into an ale-house to comfort the carnal man. There were a good many countrymen and pedestrian travellers in the room: but I was rejoiced to find from their conversation that the news from Bristol had not yet reached so far, and I pleased myself with the thought that I might quaff my ale in peace. I had no sooner laid down my bundle, however, than a mastiff-dog—may he die the death!—came smelling to it with more than human curiosity. In vain I removed it; in vain I drove him away; in vain I bribed him with bread, and even cheese—he only became more eager: and, at length, with a sudden spring, catching at the bundle with his teeth, he dragged it down, and the wretched box rolled upon the floor. At this sight, the monster sprang upon me, with a yell that might have alarmed the dead, and had not the company come to my rescue, he would certainly have torn me to pieces. Even when beaten away by his master, he crouched himself before me at some distance, in the attitude of springing, and, while his eyes were rivetted upon me, emitted, every now and then, a short smothered howl that made me tremble.

All this, no doubt, seemed very surprising to the guests; and they began to converse apart: I thought it, therefore, better to depart; and, with a heavy heart, I buttoned my coat upon the accursed box, and, shouldering my bundle, trudged away.

Before I had done communing with myself, on the strange fatality of which I appeared to be the sport, the shadows of the twilight came gloomily down upon the earth, and I was right glad to reach a village. As I was entering the inn, an old gentleman was just coming out.

"Have you got the box?" said he, quickly laying his hand upon my shoulder. My heart leaped to my mouth; I grew sick, and felt as if about to fall.

"That is not the porter, sir," remarked a servant in livery; "but the box is found, and already on the coach." Relieved, and yet ashamed, I went into the house. There were no dogs, heaven be praised! and the guests took but little notice of me.

"I say, my friend," said the servant in livery, who had come in soon after me, "what was the matter with you when master asked after the box? Why you looked all sorts of sky blue!"

"We have some guess of that!" remarked two men entering the room. I thought I should have swooned, and the words of the celebrated ballad came ding-dong in my ears—

And Eugene Aram walked between,
With gyves upon his wrist!

These men, however, were persons who had seen me at the last public-house, and had no authority to apprehend me. Nevertheless, they so grieved and alarmed me by their hints and half-charges, that I could stay no longer in their company, but retired to the room where I was to pass the night. Just then a thought of deliverance suddenly came into my head. I saw by the moonlight, that the yard behind the house, opened upon a wood, and I determined instantly to go there and bury this fatal box till

it should be required of me by the appointed person.

Gliding down stairs, I reached the wood unobserved. Here it occurred to me, that if one would bury, he must have wherewithal to dig; and, while pausing in perplexity, I lost the opportunity, for two persons came so suddenly from the interior of the wood, that I had scarcely time to conceal myself behind a tree before they were upon the very spot where I had stood. They were a young lady and a young gentleman; and, having so premised, I need hardly say that they were engaged in some love conspiracy.

"I would implore you, dearest," said the young man, "to fly with me for the second time, but alas! I am no longer so able as I have been to protect you."

"Why not?" demanded the girl, in alarm—"I understood that you had completely recovered from your wounds." The lover, withdrawing his left arm from his cloak, held it up. It was without a hand! His mistress all but fainted.

"On that dreadful evening," said he, "when we were pursued to Scotland by your father and your suitor Sir M—, while waiting in a bedroom to arrange my dress, till the person who was to join our hands was found, I saw a man come in, and carry away my cloak. The thought passed through my mind that it was a servant who wanted to brush it; but, after a while, it struck me as being a little odd, that in so miserable a public-house they should think of doing so without orders; and presently the idea flashed across my brain like lightning, that the man resembled one of Sir M—'s servants! I rushed to the door—and found that I was locked in. Knowing well the character of the resolute and quick-minded villain, a suspicion arose, which even now I cannot think of without horror. I threw myself repeatedly against the door, and at length succeeded in bursting it open. You were not in the room where I had left you. You had been torn from almost my very grasp—but when I was informed that your only companion in the carriage was your father, I blessed heaven for its mercy; I threw myself upon a horse, and swept after you like the wind. I overtook Sir M—, who was riding alone after the carriage; and when he saw me at his side, he pulled in, and dismounted immediately. We both walked into a woodcutter's shed by the road-side. 'What is your pleasure?' said he. 'To settle for ever our dispute,' was my reply; and, pulling out my pistols, I gave him his choice. He took one on the instant, and, presenting it at my breast, pulled the trigger. It missed fire. I lost a moment in surprise and horror, and that moment was fatal. He caught up a hatchet from the ground. In one instant I was down, and in another my hand was severed, and I fainted."

During this recital the young lady was dissolved in tears.

"Did the suspicion you have hinted at," said she, after a while, "never recur to you? It was correct! In the dusk, I may almost say in the dark, bewildered in mind, ashamed, and terrified—wretch that I am!—I believed I saw you enter the room wrapped in your cloak; and, clinging to you for support, I hid my face on your shoulder. I became a wife—the wife of Sir M—, and from that moment have never seen my husband!" The rage of the young man at this intelligence became so ungovernable, that his mistress drew him back into the wood to prevent his cries from being heard at the house. The last words I could hear her say were these—"There is yet some hope—I have more to tell you—" when her voice was lost in the distance, and, leaving these unhappy lovers to their sorrow, I returned to my chamber.

In the middle of that night, when I was dreaming that the accursed box, expanded to

the size of a tombstone, was lying upon my breast—I was suddenly awakened by a glare of light falling upon my eyes. I thought I beheld an apparition, and my bones trembled, and the hair of my head stood up.

"Old man," said the lady of the wood, "be not afraid. Give me the box! I have only this instant heard a report that it is in your possession." Recovering my presence of mind, I demurred to the demand, on the score of my uncertainty of her being the person appointed to receive it.

"Here are my testimonials," said she, "read this note." It ran thus:—"You will find, at No. 13, Fag-end Lane, Bristol, in the possession of a schoolmaster, a simple fellow, who is too great a fool to be a rogue, a box, in or-moulu, the contents of which, as young ladies say, will enchant you. I send you the key of the box, and I give you the trouble to go so far to open it, that I may have time to get out of your way, by a vessel which sails in a day or two for—the island of the Blest." I could no longer doubt, and drawing the fateful box from beneath my pillow, the young lady opened it with a trembling hand. A strongly perfumed note lay upon the top, which she eagerly read thus:

"I am not so unconscionable as to play the dog in the manger. Being about to quit this country for ever, I cannot enjoy your fortune, which is tied up; and as for your person, I never cared about it. Lest, however, you should be scared from matrimony by a bugbear, (for, in reality, our marriage was never consummated,) and imagine that, being rather a whimsical person, I may return one day to claim your hand, I now put into your possession the evidence of a hand which will effectually exclude me from the pleasure of your society, at least in England. This I owe to the daughter of that man of whom I have made, for some years past, so egregious an ass. Present it, with my compliments, to your romantic lover, if he be still alive.

"Your ex-husband, M——."

My curiosity was now excited to such a pitch, that, sitting up in the bed, I seized upon the other contents of the box, which were wrapped in coarse paper, and dragged them forth without ceremony. And what do you think they were? A human hand! a cold, dead, livid, gory, ghastly hand! I declare to you, I should have swooned with horror, had not the lady prevented me, by breaking into such screams of hysterical laughter as brought the whole house about us in their chemises. The situation was awkward. At my time of life one does not like to have young ladies caught in one's room—not to talk of the injury such a circumstance might do to a follower of the scholastic profession.

Nevertheless, I was comforted by the sum of coined money I received in the morning; and all I can tell further on the subject of the lovers is contained in the following paragraph, extracted from a Bristol newspaper:—"The reports of a certain wealthy heiress having been married to Sir M—— are, it appears, incorrect. She eloped, yesterday, with an old sweetheart; and her father, it is said, tired of the whims of a marriageable daughter, has determined to receive the young couple into his good graces."

THE SOUL'S TENURE.

BY MARY HOWITT.

There is a wondrous dwelling-house,
A palace fair to see;
A house of goodly workmanship,
Compacted curiously:

The cunning of the wisest head
Ne'er formed that wondrous plan;
The structure of its curious walls
Is past the skill of man.

Among the trees of Paradise,
This pleasant house was set:—
Oh, glorious dome of happiness,
What joy around thee met!

God was thy builder, pleasant house,
And gave a lord to thee,
And gave him guests of goodly sort
To keep him company:

He gave him joy, he gave him peace,
Kind thoughts and nature mild,
And innocence, that in his house,
Dwelt like a happy child.

And to this house he gave domains,
That lay both far and wide;
Nor was there any want at all
That was unsatisfied.

O pleasant house, O goodly state,
What better might be had!
The angel bands of Paradise
Beheld it, and were glad!

Five thousand years and more since then
A thousand wrecks have made:
What marvel that this lordly house
Like all things has decayed?

The house is old—five thousand years
Pass not without a trace:
All chill and drear, and dark and cold—
It is a dreary place.

Time has made chinks within the walls,
And let strange dwellers in;
A place of melancholy sights,
A place of cheerless din.

Five thousand years and more have passed
Since Guilt got entrance there,
And with him came austere Remorse,
And miserable Despair.

They stalked about the lordly rooms,
A stern and cruel three;
And in that desolated place
Held awful sovereignty.

And ghosts of all unholy things
Range up and down at will,
Nor can the master of the house
Conjure them to be still.

Unquiet musings come by night,
And flit around his bed;
And memories of all things unkind,
That have been done or said:

And voices and mysterious calls
Disturb his stately ease,
Like to the writing on the wall
Amid his reveries:

And music cannot drown the voice,
That like an undertone
Keeps up a wailing, warning cry,
For evil that is done.

And to some mighty master-sin,
The ill-kept house is given:
A strong and cunning enemy,
Like him that ruled the seven.†

It is a dreary, haunted house—
Why cling unto it so!
Hast thou, dear soul, no better home
For refuge whence to go?

For thirst and hunger, and strong pain,
Thy goodly house deform,
And care, with its corroding tooth,
Is here the canker-worm:

And Time, the mighty robber chief,
Goes by thy house each day,
And ever his rapacious hand
A booty bears away:

† "Then goeth he and taketh to him seven other spirits, more wicked than himself; and they enter in and dwell there."

He takes the gladness from thy soul,
Which wealth can ne'er supply;
He takes the brightness from thy cheek,
The lustre from thine eye;

Some precious hope—some bosom friend,
That was like life to thee;
Some treasure which thy heart did keep
As 'neath an iron key:

He ever steals away from thee,
Sweet rest and peace of mind:—
Dear soul, Time is an enemy
That leaves but wreck behind.

And last comes Death, the conqueror,
From whom thou hold'st in fee,
Thy tottering, crumbling tenement,—
A cruel lord is he!

He will not hear thee plead for grace—
He will not let thee stay:—
In rain, though tempests howl without,
Poor soul, thou must away!

O then upon thy feeble house
Expend not all thy gains,—
Sweet soul, a better dwelling-place,
A nobler, yet remains.

Up—man thy walls, and drive away
The foe that has got in,—
Thy worldly cares, thy vanities,
Thy cruel master—Sin.

And keep thy house in readiness,
The watch upon the walls,
Until the hour thou know'st not of,
When Death, the conqueror, calls.

Then stand before him manfully,
And give him up the key,
Saying, 'Farewell house! now, welcome Death,
I gladly follow thee!'

CHANGEABLE CHARLIE—A TALE OF THE DOMINIE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE DOMINIE'S LEGACY.'

REALLY when I come to think on the various fortunes of my pupils after they went from under my charge, I am as much diverted and moved to laughter at the ways and proceedings that were followed out by some, as I am sobered into sorrow at the sad and pathetic fate that befell several others. If I could say conscientiously, that the wisest man always turned out to be the happiest or the most fortunate, greatly should I be gratified. But truly, it hath never consisted with the little philosophy that I have gathered in going about the world, to deal much in general rules or specific conclusions; and I have often from my observations been rather tempted to say with the proverb-making king, that folly was in some cases better than wisdom, and lightness of heart more to be envied than sobriety and sense.

It was in the early part of my life, when I was yet in the apprenticeship of my fortune, that I had the teaching of a pleasant boy, whose name was Charlie Cheap. Charlie's father was a weel-specked witless body, who kept a shop in the largest village near; and having made money by mere want of sense, and selling of the jigs and jags of a country town, was called by the name of John Cheap the Chapman, after the classical story of that personage with which we used to be diverted when we were children; so the old man seeing indications of genius in his son, sent the lad to me to finish his education.

There was not a better-liked boy in the whole school than Charlie Cheap; for though he never would learn anything effectually, and was the head and ring-leader of every

trick that was hatched, he had such a laughing happy disposition, and took his very punishment so good-humouredly, that it went to my heart to think of chastising him; and as for the fool's cap, and the broom sceptre, they were no punishment to him, for he never seemed better pleased than when he had them on; and when mounted thus on the top of the black stool, he seemed so delighted, and pulled such faces at the rest of the boys, that no mortal flesh could stand to their gravity near him, and my seat of learning was in danger of becoming a perfect hobbleshaw of diversion. How to master this, was past my power. But Charlie's versatility ended it by his own will, and before he was half learned in his preliminary humanities, his father and he had taken some scheme into their heads, and he was removed from me and sent to the college.

I know not how it was, but for several years I lost sight of Charlie, until I heard that his father was dead, and that he was now a grown man, and likely to make a great fortune. This news was no surprise to me, for I now began to make the observation, that the greatest fools that I had the honour of preparing for the world, most generally became the wealthiest men.

It was one day when on a summer tramp, that entering a decentish town, and looking about at the shop windows, I began to bethink me of the necessity that had fallen upon me, by the tear and wear of the journey, of being at the expense of a new hat, so I entered a magazine of miscellaneous commodities, when who should astonish me in the person of the shopkeeper, but my old pupil Charlie Cheap. "Merciful me! Charlie," said I, "who would have expected to find you at this trade! I thought you had gone to the college to serve your time for a minister of the gospel."

"Indeed," said Charlie, "that was once the intent, but, in truth, my head got rather confused with the lair and the logic. I had not the least conjugality to the Greek conjugations, and when I came to the Hebrew that is read every word backwards, faith, I could neither read it backwards nor forwards, and fairly stuck, and grew a sticked minister. But I had long begun to see that the minister trade was but a poor business, and that a man might wait for the mustard till the meat was all eaten, and so I just took up a chop like my father before me; and faith, Mr. Dominic, I'm making a fortune."

"Well," said I, "I am really happy to hear it, and I hope, besides that, that you like your employment."

"I'm quite delighted with the chop-keeping, Mr. Balgownie, a very different life from chapping verbs in a cauld college. Besides, I am a respected man in the town; nothing but Mr. Cheap here and Mrs. Cheap there, and ladies coming in at all hours of the day, and bowing and becking to me—and throwing the money to me across the counter;—I would not wonder if they should make me a bailie yet."

"Well, I am really delighted too," said I: "and from my knowledge of bailies, I would not wonder in the least—so good bye, Mr. Cheap. I think this hat looks very well on me."

"Makes you ten years younger, Sir—good bye! wish you your health to wear it."

It might be a twelvemonth after that, I

was plodding along a country road some ten miles from the fore-mentioned town, when looking over the hedge by my side, I saw a team of horses pulling a plough towards me; and my cogitations were disturbed by the yo-ing and yau-ing of the man who followed it. Something struck me that I knew the voice, and when the last of the men came up, I discovered under the plush waistcoat and farmer's bonnet, my old friend Charlie Cheap.

"Soul and conscience!" cried he, thrusting his clayey hand through the hedge and grasping mine—"if this is not my old master the Dominic!" and truly he gave me the farmer's gripe, as if my hand had been made of cast metal.

"What are you doing here, Charlie?" said I. "Why are you not minding your shop, instead of marching there in the furrows at the plough-tail?"

"Chop," said he, "what chop? Na, na, Dominic, I've gotten a better trade by the hand."

"It cannot be possible, Charlie, that ye've turned farmer?"

"Whether it be possible or no, it is true," said Charlie; "but dinna be standing there whistling through the hedge, but come in by the slap at the corner, and ye shall taste my wife's treacle ale."

"Well really," said I, when I had got down into the farm-house, "this is the most marvellous change."

"No change to speak of," said he; "do ye think I was going to be tied up to haberdashery all my days? No, no, I knew I had a genius for farming, the chop-keeping grew flat and unprofitable, a chield from England set up next door to me, so a country customer took a fancy for a town life, I sold him my stock in trade, and he sold me the stock on his farm. He stepped in behind the counter, and I got behind the plough, so here I am, happier than ever; besides, harkie! I am making money fast."

"Are you really? But how do you know that?"

"Can I not count my ten fingers? Have I not figured it on black and white over and over again? There's great profits with management such as mine, that I can assure you, Sir."

"But how could you possibly learn farming? That, I believe, is not taught at college."

"Poogh! my friend; I can learn anything. Besides, my wife's mother was a farmer's daughter, and Lizzy herself understands farming already, as if she was reared to it. She makes all the butter, and the children drink all the milk, and we live so happy: birds singing in the morning—cows lowing at night—drinking treacle ale all day; and nothing to do but watch the corn growing. In short, farming is the natural state of man. Adam and Eve were a farmer and his wife, just like me and Lizzy Cheap!"

"But you'll change again shortly, I am afraid, Mr. Cheap."

"That's impossible, for I've got a nineteen years lease. I'll grow grey as a farmer. Well, good bye, Dominic. Be sure you give us a call the next time ye pass, and get a drink of our treacle ale."

"Well, really this is the most extraordinary thing," said I to myself as I walked up the lane from the farm house. "I shall be curious to ascertain of his going to stick to the farming till he's ruined."

I thought no more of Changeable Charlie for above a year, when, coming towards the same neighbourhood, I resolved to go a short distance out of my way to pay him a visit. My road lay across a clear country stream which winded along a pleasant green valley beneath me; and as I drew near the rustic bridge, my ear caught the lively sound of a waterfall, which murmured from a picturesque spot among opening woods, a little way above the bridge. A little mill-race, with its narrow channel of deep level water, next attracted my notice; and presently after, the regular splash of a water-wheel, and the boom of a corn-mill became objects of my meditative observation. The mill looked so quaint and rustic by the stream, the banks were so green and the water so clear, that I was tempted to wander towards it, down from the bridge, just to make the whole a subject of closer observation.

A barefooted girl came forth from the house and stared in my face, as a Scotch lassie may be supposed to do at a reasonable man. "Can you tell me," said I, willing to make up an excuse for my intrusion, "if this road will lead me to the farm of Longriggs, which is occupied by one Mr. Cheap?" The lassie looked in my face with a thiefless smile, and, without answering a word, took a bare-legged race into the mill. Presently, a great lumbering miller came out, like a walking bag of flour from beside the hopper, and I immediately saw he was going to address me.

Never did I see such a snowy man. His miller's hat was inch thick with flour; he whitened the green earth as he walked, the knees of his breeches were loose, and the stockings that hung about his heels, would have made a hearty meal for a starving garrison.

"What can the impudent rascal be staring at?" I said, and I began to cast my eyes down on my person, to see if I could find any cause in my own appearance, that the miller and his lassie should thus treat me as a world's wonder.

"Ye were asking I think," he said, "after Charlie Cheap, of the Longriggs?"

"Yes," said I, "but his farm must be some miles from this. Perhaps as you are the miller of the neighbourhood, you can direct me the nearest road to it."

The burley scoundrel first lifted up his eyewinkers, which were clotted with flour, shook out about a pound of it from his bushy whiskers, and then burst into a laugh in my very face as loud as the neighing of a miller's horse.

"Ho, ho, hough!" grinned he, coughing upon me a shower of flour. "Is it possible, Dominic, that ye dinna ken me?" and opening a mouth at least as wide as his own hopper, I began to recognize the exaggerated features of Changeable Charlie.

"Well really," said I, gazing at his grin, and the hills of flour that arose from his cheeks,—“really this beats everything! and so Charlie, ye're now turned into a miller."

"As sure's a gun!" said he. "Lord bless your soul, Dominic! do you think I could bear to spread dung and turn up dirt all my life? no! I have a soul above that. Besides, your miller is a man in power. He is an aristocrat over the farmers, and with the power has its privileges too, for he takes a multure out of every man's sack, and levies

his revenues like a prime minister. No one gets so soon fat as those that live by the labour of others, as you may see; for the landed interest supports me by day, and my water-wheel works for me all night, so if I don't get rich now, the deuce is in it."

"I suppose," said I, following him into the mill, "you are just making a fortune."

"How can I help it?" said he, "making money while I sleep, for I hear the musical click of the hopper in my dreams, and my bairns learn their lessons by the jog of it. I wish every man who has passed a purgatory at college, were just as happy as the miller and his wife. Is not that the case, Lizzy?" he added, addressing his better half, who now came forth hung round by children—"as the song goes,"

"Merry may the maid be that marries the miller,
For foul day and fair day, he's aye bringing till her—
His ample hands in ilk man's pock,
His mill grinds muckle siller,
His wife is dress'd in silk and lawn,
For he's aye bringing till her."

"But dear me, Mr. Cheap," said I, "what was it that put you out of the farm, where I thought you were so happy, and making a fortune?"

"I was as happy as a man could be, and making money too, and nothing put me out of the farm, although I was quite glad of the change, but just a penny of fair debt, the which, you know, is a good man's case—and a little civil argument about the rent. But everything turned out for the best, for Willie Happer, the former miller, just ran awa the same week: I got a dead bargain of the mill, and so I came in to reign in his stead. Am I not a fortunate man?"

"Never was a man so lucky," said I, "but do you really mean to be a waiter on a mill-hopper all your days?"

"As long as wood turns round and water runs; but Lizzy," he added to his wife, "what are you standing glowing there for, and me like to choke. Gang and fetch us a jug of your best treacle ale."

"It surely cannot be," said I to myself when I had left the mill, "that Changeable Charlie will ever adopt a new profession now, but live and die a miller." I was, however, entirely mistaken in my calculation, as I found before I was two years older; and though I have not time, at this present sitting, to tell the whole of Charlie's story—and have a strong suspicion that my veracity might be put in jeopardy, were I to condescend thereto, I am quite ready to take my oath, that after this I found him in not less than five different characters, in all of which he was equally happy and equally certain of making a fortune. Where the mutations of Charlie might have run to, and whether, to speak with a little agreeable stultification, he might not, like another remarkable man, have exhausted worlds and then imagined new, it is impossible to predicate, if Fortune had not in her usual injustice, put an end to his career of change, by leaving his wife Lizzy a considerable legacy.

The last character then that I found Charlie striving to enact, was that of a gentleman—that is, a man who has plenty of money to live upon, and nothing whatever to do. It did not appear, however, that Charlie's happiness was at all improved by this last change; for, besides that it had taken from him all his private joys, in the hope of one

day making a fortune, it had raised up a most unexpected enemy, in the shape of old father Time, whom he found it more troublesome and less hopeful to contend with, than all the obstacles that had formerly seemed to stand in his way to the making of an independent fortune.

When the legacy was first showered upon him, however, he seemed as happy under the dispensation, as he had been before under any other of his changes. In the hey-day of his joy, he sent for me to witness his felicity, and to give him my advice as to the spending of his money. This invitation I was thoughtless enough to accept, but it was more that I might pick up a little philosophy out of what I should observe, than from any pleasure that I expected, or any good that I was likely to do. When I got to his house, I was worried to death by all the fine things I was forced to look at, that had been sent to him from Jamaica, and all that from him and his wife I was forced to hear. I tried to impress him concerning the good that he might do with his money, in reference to many who sorely wanted it; but I found that he had too little feeling himself to understand the feelings of others, and that affliction had never yet driven a nail into his own flesh, to open his heart to sympathy. Instead of entering into any rational plans, his wife and he laughed all day at nothing whatever, his children turned the house upside down in their ecstasy at being rich; and, in short, never before had I been so wearied at seeing people happy.

In all this, however, I heard not one single word of thankfulness for this unlooked-for deliverance from constant vicissitude, or one grateful expression to Providence, for being so unreasonably kind to this family; while thousands around them struggled incessantly, in ill-rewarded industry and unavailing anxiety. So I wound up the story of Changeable Charlie in reflective melancholy; for I had seen so many who would, for any little good fortune, have been most thankful and happy, yet never were able to attain thereto; and I inclined to the sombre conclusion, that in this world the wise and virtuous man was often less fortunate, and generally less happy than the fool.

THE LAMENT.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

WHILE the moon laughs on the mountains,
While the stars smile in the fountains,
While from cot and castle glancing,
Comes light, with sounds of mirth and dancing;
I must tread, in mournful measure,
The footsteps of departed pleasure;
With soul in sorrow—heart a breaking,
The moments of past gladness reckon.
As with the dead in thought I wander,
I scarce can dream we are asunder;
The flowers we oft have prest are springing;
The stream by which we walked is singing;
Yon is our star: see how 'tis glowing,
The air with fragrance seems o'erflowing.
Nay, as night comes, and balmy shadows
Hang, like a veil, o'er groves and meadows,
I go—and to her bower obeisance
Make—it seems breathing of her presence,
And fancy, with a fond beguiling,
Brings her, all sweetness and all smiling—
She looks such looks—her ripe lips mutter
Such words as lips of love but utter—
'Tis sweet—though followed by much sadness,
To live o'er hours of bygone gladness.

MILTON AND SPENSER.

Sonnet to a Friend.

WE both are lovers of the poets old!
But Milton hath your heart,—and Spenser
mine;—
So let us love them;—you, the song divine,—
And I, the tale of times gallant and bold.
Be it yours to dream in Paradise,—behold
The tresses of fair Eve roll down, and shine
Over her bending neck in streams of gold;—
While her white hands the straggling roses
twine
Up the green bowers of Eden.—Mine be it to
look
At the romantic land of Faëry!
See Una sit under a shady tree,
And troops of satyrs near a wooded brook,
All dancing in a round;—and dimly see,
In arbour green, Sylvanus, lying drowsily.
1817. J. H. R.

EXISTENCE, CONSIDERED IN ITSELF, NO
BLESSING.

From the *Latin of Palingenius.*

BY CHARLES LAMB.

The Poet, after a seeming approval of suicide, from a consideration of the cares and crimes of life, finally rejecting it, discusses the negative importance of existence, contemplated in itself, without reference to good or evil.

Or these sad truths consideration had—
Thou shalt not fear to quit this world so mad,
So wicked; but the tenet rather hold
Of wise Calanus, and his followers old,
Who with their own wills their own freedom
wrought,
And by self-slaughter their dismissal sought
From this dark den of crime—this horrid lair
Of men, that savager than monsters are;
And scorning longer, in this tangled mesh
Of ills, to wait on perishable flesh,
Did with their desperate hands anticipate
The too, too slow relief of lingering fate.
And if religion did not stay thine hand,
And God, and Plato's wise behests, withstand,
I would in like case counsel thee to throw
This senseless burden off, of cares below.
Not wine, as wine, men choose, but as it came
From such or such a vintage: 'tis the same
With life, which simply must be understood
A blank negation, if it be not good.
But if 'tis wretched all—as men decline
And loath the sour lees of corrupted wine—
'Tis so to be condemn'd. Merely to BE
Is not a boon to seek, nor ill to flee,
Seeing that every vilest little Thing
Has it in common, from a gnat's small wing,
A creeping worm, down to the moveless stone,
And crumbling bark from trees. Unless to BE,
And TO BE BLEST, be one, I do not see
In bare existence, as existence, aught
That's worthy to be loved, or to be sought.

* Talia si tecum reputas, animoque revolvis,
Non metues mundum hunc tam stultum, tamque
malignum,
Linguere; sed potius rectè fecisse Calanum
Atque alios dicere, qui sese sponte necarunt,
Et sponte hanc scelerum caveam, stabulumque
ferarum,
Deserere, manu cessantia fata vocantes,
Nec voluere ultra moribundum pascere corpus,
Et miseræ carni tanto servire labore.
Quod nisi religio obstat, legesque Platonis,
Et Deus, hortaret te ultro dimittere vitam,
Et sortem insanam, et sceleratas linguere terras.
Non vinum, ut vinum, appetitur, sed tale, bonum-
que.
Sic et vita, ut vita, est nil, nisi bona: quod si
Est misera, ut vinum corruptum, despiciatur.
Esse quidem, per se, nec amandum, nec fugien-
dum est:
Quippe habet hoc quamvis vilissima reclusa, vermis,
Musca, lapis, cortex: nihil est optabile, dempta
Conditione boni: nisi sit tale, esse, bonumque,
Non video cur optari, cur possit amari.
Zod. Vit. Lib. 6, apud finem.

WHAT ART THOU, MIND?

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'CORN LAW RHYMES.'

GRIEF, sages tell us, hath a drooping wing,
And loves to perch upon the shaken mind,
To which she sings notes like the muttering
Of wintry rivers in the wintry wind,
Till health flies wing'd away, and leaves behind
Shadows, illusions, dreams, and worse than
dreams.

But Alfred dreams not—he is wide awake!
Light is around him, and the chime of streams;
Bees hum o'er shallows yet; and in the brake,
Coil'd like a chain of amethyst, the snake
Basks on the bank, above the streamlet's flow.
Oh, there are beauteous plumes, and many a bill,
And life, and love, beneath the ivy's bough!
The swallow dips his purple in the rill,
The lark sings in the cloud, and from the hill
The blackbird's song replies.—But Alfred's ear,
Nor splashing swallow hears, nor humming bee,
Nor warbling lark, nor ivy, shaken near
By brooding thrush, nor breeze-borne melody
Of chiming streams. He listens mournfully
To accents which the earth shall hear no more!
What art thou, Mind, that mirror'st things un-

seen,
Giv'st to the dead the smiles which erst they
wore,
And lift'st the veil which fate hath cast between
Thee and the forms which are not, but have
been?

What art thou, conscious power, that hear'st the
mute,

And feel'st th' impalpable? Thy magic brings
Back to our hearts the warblings of the lute,
Which long hath slept with unexisting things!
And shall we stand, doubting immortal wings,
In presence of the angels? Ask the worm,
And she will bid thee doubt; yet she is meek,
And wise—for when earth shakes, she shuns thy
form,

But never saw the morning on thy cheek,
The blue heav'n in thine eye, the lightning break
In laughter from thy lips. So, she denies
That colours are, even while the fragrant thorn
Blossoms above her! Weight, and shape, and
size,

She says, are real; but she laughs to scorn
The gorgeous rainbow, and the blushing morn,
And can disprove the glory of the rose!—
Yet doth she err, our limblest sister errs;
For on thy cheek, oh Man, the morning glows,
And fair is heaven's bright bow. The wayside
furze

Discredits her; the humblest weed that stirs
Its small green leaves, can undemonstrate all
Her proofs triumphant, that celestial light
Shines not at noon. But though the sunflower
tall,

And tiniest moss, are clad in liveries bright,
Never, to her, canst thou disprove the night,
The starless night, in which she hath her home!
Then, marvel not, if death-bless'd spirits free
Wander, at times, beneath this heavenly dome,
On wings too bright for mortal eyes to see;
While, unperceived by them, as both by thee,
Forms more seraphic still around us fly,
And stoop to them and thee, with looks of love;
Or vainly strain the archangelic eye,
To gaze on holier forms above, above,
That round the throne of heaven's Almighty move.
Oh, look on Alfred! look!—the man is blind!
She whom he loved sleeps in her winding sheet,
Yet he beholds her, with the eyes of mind!
He sees the form which he no more shall meet,
But cannot see the primrose at his feet!

They mingle tears with tears, and sighs with
sighs,

And sobs with sobs; but words, long time, have
none;

She looks her soul into his sightless eyes,
And, like a passionate thought, is come and gone,
While at his feet, unheard, the bright rill bab-
bles on!

THE HUNTED STAG.

(From an unfinished Play.)

BY JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

—WELL, Master Wildrake, speak you of the
chase!

To hear you, one doth feel the bounding steed:
You bring the hounds, and game, and all, to
view—

All scudding to the merry huntsman's cheer!
And yet I pity the poor crowned deer;
And always fancy 'tis by fortune's spite,
That lordly head of his he bears so high—
Like Virtue, stately in calamity,
And hunted by the human worldly hound—
Is made to fly before the pack, that strait
Burst into song at prospect of his death!
You say their throats make harmony; and yet
Their chorus scarce is music to my ear,
When I bethink me what it sounds to his;
Nor deem I sweet the note that rings the knell
Of the once merry forrester!

OLD ENOUGH, AND NOT TOO OLD.

BY CHARLES DANCE.

Is any one prepared to assert that he is,
or ever was, of an age answering precisely
to the description contained in the above
text? In reference to reading, to experience,
and to knowledge—the result of both,—
some are neither old enough, nor too old;
some are not old enough, yet too old; and
some are old enough and too old at the same
time. Knowledge! What is knowledge?—
That which all wish for, but none possess.
He who has least thinks he has most; while
he who has most, has only learned that he
knows nothing. It is a ladder up which men
toil and toil, but, ere they reach the top, their
heads fail—they fall, and the grave receives
them. It is a plank, one end of which rests
on the vessel of life, while the other hangs
suspended over the sea of eternity: men
walk out upon it until they lose their balance,
and then—but hold—I am putting too
serious a head to a comic tale: I have dig-
ressed when I ought to have progressed.
For shame! I am old enough to know better,
and yet not old enough to profit by it. The
history of one man is, *mutatis mutandis*, the
history of a million. Listen, then, gentle
reader, to the biography of a million of thy
fellow-creatures, and, if thou art not too old,
turn it to account.

Peter Posthumous began the world under
circumstances unfavourable to him in point
of time. Had he been born one week sooner,
that is, had he been seven days older, he
would have been a rich man—at all events,
a rich boy. He was the son of respectable
parents, but his father had offended his father
by a clandestine marriage; and the old
gentleman, one of those "fathers with flinty
hearts," whom "no tears can melt," had dis-
inherited his son, and, in order to insure his
never enjoying any portion of his wealth,
had bequeathed it to the eldest child of such
marriage who should chance to be alive at
the father's decease. Peter came into the
world on the day week on which his father
went out of it, and was therefore not quite
old enough to obtain five thousand a year.

"And will the poor child then get no-
thing?" inquired his anxious mother.

"Nothing," was the answer.

Peter neither heeded nor heard it. He
was not old enough—his time was not come.

He remained in the country under his
mother's care until his twelfth year, during

which time he was frequently invited to
children's parties, given by the gentry of the
neighbourhood, and always had his own con-
sent to go; but he never went, because his
mother thought him "rather too young."
At the age of twelve she removed with him
to London, and placed him at a preparatory
school. This proceeding was attended with
some difficulty, owing to his mother's ex-
cessive tenderness, for she considered him
scarcely old enough to encounter the hard-
ships of a boy's school, and decidedly too
old for a girl's. However, the matter was
compromised by his being sent to a seminary
for young gentlemen, superintended by two
old ladies; and here he was destined to re-
main, in order that he might be unfitted for
transfer to a foundation school, to which his
mother had been promised that he should,
in due time, be presented. Due time, how-
ever, was with Peter what "due notice" is in
a play-bill—it never came. When the vac-
ancy occurred which gave the governor of
the school an opportunity of fulfilling his
promise, it was discovered that Peter was two
months too old to be admitted. His mother
felt the disappointment more than he did.
What was to be done? He was too old to
remain longer where he was, and she could
not afford to send him elsewhere at an in-
creased expense. Home, therefore, he went
once more, and at home he remained, cod-
dling and coddled. Out-of-door amusement
he was for some time a stranger to. He was
now too old for children's parties, and not
old enough for others. He was too young
to be allowed to go to a theatre by himself,
and too old, for reasons best known to his
mother, to be seen about with her. A friend
procured the promise of a colonial appoint-
ment for him; but when he presented him-
self for examination, he was politely bowed
out on the score of youth. The year which
he waited in expectation of this just carried
him over the age at which he might else have
been admitted into the counting-house of a
merchant, who was a particular friend of his
mother; but, unfortunately, also a particular
man, with certain rules, which nothing could
induce him to break. Peter at length, (and
he was Peter at full length, for he had grown
to be six feet high, and was too old to grow
any longer,) finding that his mother's looking
out for him did not answer, began to think
of looking out for himself; and, as the state
of subjection in which he was still kept, de-
prived him of other opportunities, he looked
out of window. His looking out of his own
window would have been harmless enough,
but he contracted a habit of looking in at an
opposite one, and thus laid the foundation of
future troubles. At the second floor window
of the house immediately facing the dwelling
of Mrs. and Master Posthumous, there daily
sat and looked and worked, Miss Ogle, the
tall and only daughter of a wealthy and re-
tired tradesman. By degrees, Miss Ogle
worked less and looked more—after a while,
there was a look between every stitch—and
at length, it was evident, even to Peter, that
she had an eye to him and none to her needle.
There were some doubts as to the degree of
consistency of Peter's head, but that his
heart was soft is beyond question. He could
not resist the fascination of Miss Ogle's eye.
—he was not old enough. Peter wrote three
notes to Miss Ogle—Miss Ogle sent three
answers to Peter—Peter submitted the whole

correspondence to his mother—his mother wrote one long letter to Mr. Ogle—Mr. Ogle sent one short answer to his mother: "He was not old enough"—the next morning Mr. Ogle's house and Peter's heart were both "to let."

Mrs. Posthumous had a general eye to business, and though all her endeavours to provide for her son were fruitless, she contrived, during one of them, to provide for herself; she married again. Her new husband allowed our hero undisturbed possession of his mother's moderate income, but declined receiving him into his establishment. Peter was now upon his own hands, and a heavier weight no hands could have to carry. Sick and tired of being met, whenever he attempted to obtain some occupation, with the answer, that he was not old enough, he determined to wait until at least that objection should be removed. Accordingly, he yawned, slept, dreamt, ate, drank, pottered and muddled away his life, until an accidental peep into the first leaf of the family Bible, opened his eyes to the fact of his being eight and forty—he stared with astonishment;—from which astonishment he never thoroughly recovered until he was fifty. "At all events," said he to himself, "I am now old enough to marry"—and he proposed to a buxom widow next to whom he had sat at church every Sunday for three years. Her answer had nothing but novelty to recommend it—"He was too old." The time for acute sensibility, if ever he possessed it, was gone by—but Peter was chagrined. "Too old—too old," muttered he to himself; "is one never to be the right age for anything? It was but just now, that I was too young for everything." But Peter was a dreamer, and his just now, was more than thirty years ago. The widow's answer, however, made a more permanent impression upon him, than any previous incident of his life had made. He gave up dreaming, and passed ten years in positive reflection. During these ten years, he made two other attempts to get married;—his propositions were both rational, more so, perhaps, than might have been expected from the unmeaning tenour of his life, but they were both rejected, and for the "old" reason. On the second of these occasions, he felt more excitement than he had ever felt since the days of Miss Ogle. "If I am too old to marry," said he, in a fit as near to desperation as his nature admitted of, "I am too old to live"—and he raised a pistol to his head—"but no," he added, "no—I am at least old enough to know better"—and his resolution went off instead of his pistol. A few days restored him to his habitual calmness—to his last new state of reflection. He was now, as I have shown, sixty years of age. In a short time, illness came upon him—and illness was for once a welcome visitor. He was delighted—at length he had got something to do—at length he felt an interest about himself, which he had never felt before. "Ha! ha! Doctor," said he, to his medical adviser, "ha! ha! I've got the gout."—"Nonsense, my dear Sir," said the doctor, "you have the gout, indeed! you're not old enough."—"Don't talk to me about not being old enough," said Peter; "do you mean to assert that I'm too old?"—"Certainly not," replied the doctor, "you can't be too old to have the gout."—"Then I don't care," said Peter, "thank Heaven, there is still something that I'm not

too old for." Thus passed Peter's life until he was seventy.

One evening, about three years since, he was musing, during a temporary absence of pain, upon the circumstances of his past life—or rather, upon the circumstance—for nothing stood out with sufficient prominence to break the level of the distant view. "What a strange thing is this life," said he: "one is always either not old enough, or too old for everything. Surely it cannot be with all people as it has been with me, for I have lately read of many who have led lives of activity, and been serviceable to their fellow creatures—while I, though I have harmed no one, have done good to no one—would that I had been earlier taught to think for myself!"

After a short pause, during which, the oppression produced by the only intense thoughts he had ever had, was relieved by the only tears he had ever shed, he thus continued—"Even now, it may not be too late—when I get well, I will act differently—I am not too old to mend, and I am yet old enough to become—"

"Nothing"—was the answer of King Death.

Peter neither heeded nor heard it. He was old enough—but his time was come.

THE THREE LEGACIES.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

HAVING dealt much in fiction in my day, I wish now to deal in truth; I shall relate, therefore, what actually happened, concealing nothing but the names of the parties. Three brothers lived in a country parish in the north; they were frugal, industrious men, and respected in their stations; they were married too, and each of them had three children; the eldest three daughters, the second the same, and the youngest three sons. Now it so chanced that one day a great storm arose; the eldest brother, a husbandman, was killed by lightning in the field, the second, a seaman, commanding a small brig, perished within sight of his own door, and the youngest, a shepherd, was found dead among his lambs, on the hill-side, his dog whining beside him, and no marks of violence on his body. They were all buried in one grave, and on the following Sunday the three fatherless families appeared in the church in deep mourning. It was the first time I had observed—for I was only some seven years old then—that people put on sad-coloured clothes at the death of their relations, and I did little else but look at the three melancholy groups all the time of the sermon. On our way home I heard some of the old people—more particularly John Halbertson, say that they had long looked for something happening in these three families, that they did not at all marvel at the suddenness of their call, and that more would yet be heard of. I could not imagine what this meant, but I afterwards learnt that the ancestor of these men had been guilty of some sad deed, and that his expiation was visible in the fate of his descendants. What the crime was I never fairly knew—but by piecing hints and allusions and dark proverbs together, I concluded it to be murder, under trust, for the sake of money; he that as it may, the country whisper was, that the judgment of heaven would be seen on them, and that nought that they possessed would prosper.

The latter part of the rustic prediction seemed unlikely to be fulfilled, for the families were well to do in the world—and moreover, in the second month of their mournings, word came that a fourth brother had died in the West Indies, leaving nine thousand pounds to be equally divided amongst his brothers—or, failing them, their families.

This seemed a signal to let all the tongues of the parish loose. "I told ye ay, said one, that something would be seen and heard of." "Indeed, a three-year old child might have lisped as much," said another, "for when did any one see blood-guiltiness, as honest John Rowat observed, go without its punishment?" "They say," said a third, "that the Demerara brother died on the same day that his three brethren perished here—if that be so, the hand of the avenger is indeed visible." "He died on the very day, for certain," exclaimed a fourth, "for I saw the same written in the letter which came with the will—more, by token, he was murdered by three slaves, two of whom have been hanged—the other escaped to the woods."

"Now that is most marvellous," said a fifth: "but touching the money that he left, it has got its work to do; I look upon it as a gift from the author of all evil, that will do much mischief to the three fatherless families. I am sorry for the elder brother's three daughters—save that they are too fond of fine clothes, and one of them sticks feathers in her noddle, no one can say aught against them." "Now I," said a sixth, "am most concerned for the second brother's family—what ill have the three harmless handsome lasses done, that they should not enjoy this blessed windfall, which seems to have come to make amends for their poor father's death—saying that at the fair they are too fond of eating preserved ginger, pickled pears, sugar plums, and corianders, with every lad that likes to lay out a shilling—who can utter a word against them?" "Oh, it's all very natural," said a young woman who made one of the group, "that being men, ye should see something to your liking in these two families. I have no leanings to the right nor to the left—but I would not give five minutes mirth with the three lads of the younger brother's family, for an hour with their six cousins. Saving that they take a dram at a fair or a sermon, or in a cold morning to keep away the chill, or in a warm one to support them against the heat, I defy any one to say harm of them." "I'll tell ye, my friends," said an old grey-headed man, who weighed all things before he gave an opinion, "ye have, in your sayings, indicated the three rocks on which the three families will suffer shipwreck—dress, dainties, and drink. Aye, aye, I see it all. Poor young giddy creatures, they little know the sorrows that are before them: but here they come—one after another—dress first, dainties next, and drink last of all."

In the order in which the old man described them so did they appear; it was Sunday morning, and they were on their way to church. Their fathers had been but some twelve weeks buried, yet the influence of the legacies was visible on all. On the first three it appeared in the guise of additional ornaments to their mourning dresses: the crape was of a finer texture, the cambric of a more delicate thread; the smell of sundry expensive scents hovered around

them, and they no longer walked in plain slippers; each rode upon a little black pony, taking care that their dresses should not hide their black stockings with rich clocks of curious workmanship. The second three had used the first fruits of their legacy in the purchase of a neat little carriage, into which they had stowed, along with themselves, a handsome basket, with slices of savoury ham, spiced cake, and abundance of other dainties, such as make a long sermon seem short. They apologized for this by saying that their state of health forbade them to eat of the coarse food such as they had existed on before, and that, on the same account, they drank distilled water, coloured with cordials. The third party were a good space behind—their pace was slow and steady; but their faces were flushed, their eyes were unrefreshed with wholesome sleep, and there was some disorder in their dresses—all of which betokened late sitting, and intercourse with the liquor-cup. In the church their behaviour was in character. Dress tossed her head about, spread out her beauty and her bravery, and seemed anxious to attract attention even from the preacher. Dainties held down her head—lifted her hand frequently to her mouth, and the smell of spiced bread and other delicacies was felt in several seats around. Drink sat and listened for a little—found the text after a struggle—nodded his head on one side, then on the other, and, finally dropping forward, fell fast asleep. Nor was he awakened by the rude salutation of a parish idiot, who said, "Aye, sleep, sleep—ye're right; ye'll get no sleep in your dwelling place in the other world."

When the usual period which custom assigns for mourning was expired, the ground which casts off the dullness of winter to attire itself in the flowers and loveliness of spring, exhibits not half the change which appeared in the three daughters of the elder brother when encumbered with all the gauds of public fashion and their own folly, they flashed out upon the astonished parish. I am not sure that I can describe faithfully, and in a way by which a tire-woman might profit, the cut and pattern of their silks and satins and crapes; nor their flounces and slashed capes and pucker sleeves; suffice it to say, that all other women around nearly swooned for envy, and half the men of the parish nearly died of laughing. What dwelt chiefly on my young fancy was four long feathers, arising an arm's length from the head of one, and spreading out in blue, and green, and red, and white, to the four winds of heaven; some, however, averred, that a certain long, broad, rainbow-coloured ribbon, fastened by a clasp of rubies to the side of the bonnet, and thence descending to the floor, upon which it flowed away a yard distant, bearing some resemblance to a cow tethered among clover, was more wonderful to the sight; nor should I conceal that the third sister, whose pleasure it was to leave her neck and shoulders and bosom bare, was much looked at, but perhaps she attracted regard mainly from the circumstance that whatever scantiness of apparel might be above, she made more than amends for it by a sweeping superfluity below, for her train extended behind her as she walked as long as that of a peacock. When these apparitions made their appearance in the church, there was a general stretching of female necks,

and an anxious turning of male eyes; even the clergyman was astounded—he leant back in the pulpit, spread his palms before his face, and was at least five minutes behind his usual time in commencing service. The three daughters of the second brother were but little moved by this unlooked-for display of their cousins; they were heard to whisper to each other, that to lay out a legacy in fine feathers, gum flowers, and rustling silks, was a poor way of enjoying it; their cousins had no sense of what was comfortable, and as they said this they thought on the spiced cake, the rich pudding, the cooling custard, and, more particularly, on that abridgment of all that is delightful in culinary things, mince-pie—which were preparing for their return; and as they thought on these things the sermon seemed long, and they desired to be gone. There were others who permitted not the serenity of their minds to be moved by this vain display; of these were the sons of the younger brother, who had prepared themselves for enduring all with philosophical calmness, by frequent and protracted draughts of three kinds of liquid. The eldest drank brandy neat from France, out of respect for the ancient league which bound Scotland to that country; the second drank gin direct from Holland, out of extreme love to the sea which wafted the cordial over; and the youngest, a sincere lover of his country, refused to have his unconquered island brain invaded by aught foreign; so he defied France and scorned Holland, and stuck to Ferintosh. The hand of destiny, rather than of folly, was observed to be busy in all this, and not a few devout people lamented the approaching destruction of nine young creatures, and the scatterment of nine thousand sterling pounds.

Had these young people resided in this splendid city, they might have flown through their fortunes in less than no time, for here, thanks to the ingenuity of man, nine thousand pounds can make themselves wings in an hour, and fly away as if by enchantment. But they lived in a country place, where the process of consumption was slow, and where they had to exercise their own invention in order to conquer the obstinacy of three thousand pounds which hung on hand as if unwilling to depart. The daughters of the elder brother were compelled to wait on fashion, and fashion in the days of which I write, was content to change once a quarter, she desired, moreover, only four breadths of silk to the skirts of a gown, and never dreamed of sleeves such as the ladies of these latter days wear, which extend their shoulders at the expense of their heads. Nevertheless, with their limited powers of waste, they wrought wonders—much may be done even in a small way to get the better of a moderate income; they had feathers of all kinds; mantles of all hues; gowns of every quality and pattern—the long waisted—the short waisted—the full skirted—the narrow skirted—the low bosomed—the high bosomed—the flounced—the plaited—the slashed; then followed a legion of caps, and bonnets, and turbans, false curls, false gems, paid for as real ones, paste pearls; stones set in buckles, bracelets, stomachers, pins, armlets, chains. There the eldest, in her newest attire, lay in a languishing posture on an ottoman, endeavouring to familiarize herself to a splendid Turkish dress, to suit which,

she had stained her light eye-brows black, placed raven curls over her own sandy ringlets, and remained silent for several hours, lest the island tones of her voice should destroy the illusion wrought by her costume. The second, in the meantime, was busy walking to and fro in the sun, looking now and then at her shadow, which she imagined of itself was captivating; while the third, with "patches, paint, and jewels on," was consulting an old sibyl on the probable chance of her charms and dress leading some man with a coronet captive. The response no doubt was favourable, for it was paid in gold. I have described a portion of a day; but in that is contained a year; save that winter brought the welcome change of furs and quilted dresses, their course was the same; it however may be noteworthy, that in winter they invariably wore thin-soled slippers and thin caps; and in summer, thick-soled boots and well-lined bonnets, but as this is the general practice of that reflecting animal woman, the observation cannot be regarded as new.

It must be owned that the daughters of the second brother were unable to keep pace with the expenditure of their elder cousins; they were not learned enough to know that ladies before them had drank dissolved pearls, and that gentlemen, in no distant day, had made their dinner on the brains of two hundred peacocks, yet they succeeded wondrously considering all things; their taste, at first confined to the ordinary dainties of the land, revelled amid puddings and poultry, but time opened wider the doors of culinary knowledge; they read and they inquired, and they made experiments: to the latter, we owe an invaluable fish sauce for red trout, and an additional charm to the manifold attractions of the haggis. They excelled, too, in the manufacture of what is now numbered amongst northern dainties, by the name of short-bread; they improved too the whole of the savoury generation of patties; jellies too obtained their attention, and they made considerable progress in the art of embalming the wild fruits of their native land, so that they might command cranberries and hind-berries at all times and seasons. The stew-pan was never off the fire, the skimming-cap was constantly in the milk, and a prudent serving man with a pony and a covered cart hung on springs, was a daily go-between them and an ingenious person who excelled in minced meats, custards, savoury patties, and other tasteful inventions, and had a shop in a town some seven miles off. As they sat, and ate, and drank, and slept, and waked, and drank, and ate again, the folly of their elder cousins was a fruitful source of remark: they exclaimed against their vanity and want of taste, and wondered how they could think of laying out their dear deceased uncle's legacy on flounces, and frills, and feathers. Their cousins, however, to say the truth, were no less sharp in their remarks upon them: they called them their custard-cousins, and tossed all their feathers and fluttered their flounces when any one praised the delicacy of their desserts.

The three male cousins seemed to think of themselves alone; to them it was a matter of moonshine how their other relatives dissipated their legacies; at first they moved about, attended a horse-race here, or a cattle-market there, or a public sale in some other

place, in short, wherever drink was flowing, there they were present; but continual intercourse with the cup at last made motion a source of uneasiness, or, at all events, induced them to regard it as a consumer of time which might be better employed; at last they settled resolutely down into confirmed toppers, and lest their powers should be too much concentrated, they spread themselves over three inns, and each brother installed himself head of the public board and sole arbiter in all disputed matters regarding strong drink. It was of them, that a north country wit said they were like and yet unlike all spendthrifts—"other folk ran through their fortunes, but these men's fortunes ran through them."

There was a singular coincidence regarding the final winding up and termination of the fortunes of these three families: almost at the same time was the last five pound note expended in the last new fashion; the last guinea laid out on comfits and custards, and the last crown spent in drink: almost on the same day they resolved to be wise and turn over a new leaf. The three elder cousins became skillful milliners and made a fortune, the second brother's daughters distinguished themselves in the pastry and dessert line and waxed rich, and the three toppers died quietly in old age, leaving ten thousand pounds amassed by dealing in cattle.

MISS FANNY'S FAREWELL FLOWERS.

Not "the posie of a ring,"
Shakespeare (all but the not).

I came to town a happy man,
I need not now dissemble
Why I return so sad at heart,
It's all through Fanny Kemble:
Oh! when she threw her flow'rs away,
What urged the tragic slut on
To weave in such a wreath as that,
Ah, me!—a bachelor's button!
None fought so hard, none fought so well,
As I to gain some token—
When all the pit rose up in arms,
And heads and hearts were broken;
Huzza! said I, I'll have a flow'r
As sure as my name's Dutton—
I made a snatch—I got a catch—
By Jove! a bachelor's button!
I've lost my watch—my hat is smash'd—
My clothes declare the racket:
I went there in a full-dress coat,
And came home in a jacket.
My nose is swell'd, my eye is black,
My lip I've got a cut on—
Odds buds!—and what a bud to get—
The deuce!—a bachelor's button!
My chest's in pain; I really fear
I've somewhat hurt my bellows,
By pokes and punches in the ribs
From those *herb-strewing fellows*.
I miss two teeth in my front row;
My corn has had a *fat* on;
And all this pain I've had to gain—
This cursed bachelor's button!
Had I but won a rose—a bud—
A pansy, or a daisy—
A periwinkle—anything
But this—it drives me crazy!
My very sherry tastes like squills—
I can't enjoy my nutmeg;
And when I sleep I dream of it—
Still—still—a bachelor's button!
My place is book'd per coach to-night;
But oh! my spirit trembles
To think how country friends will ask
Of Knowles and of Kembles.

If they should breathe about the wreath,
When I go back to Sutton,
I shall not dare to show my share—
That all!—a bachelor's button!

My luck in life was never good,
But this my fate will harden:
I ne'er shall like my farming more,—
I know I shan't the Garden:
The turnips all may have the fly,
And wheat may have the smut on—
I care not—I've a blight at heart—
Ah me!—a bachelor's button!

T. HOOD.

LINES TO MISS F. KEMBLE,
ON THE FLOWER-SUFFLE AT COVENT GARDEN
THEATRE.

BY CURL-PATED HUGH.

"Make a scramble, gentlemen—make a scramble."
Boys at Greenwich.

WELL—this flower-strewing I must say is sweet,
And I long, Miss Kemble, to throw myself con- siderably at your feet;

For you've made me a happy man in the scuffle,
when you jerk'd about the daisies;
And ever since the night you kiss'd your hand
to me and the rest of the pit, I've been
chuck full of your praises!

I'm no hand at writing, (though I can say several
things that's handsome);
But that ignorance, thank my stars! got me off,
when I was tried for forging upon Ransom.
I didn't try to get the flowers, which so many
of your ardent admirers were eager to
snatch;

But I got a very good going chronometer, and
for your sake I'll never part with the watch!

I've several relics from those who got your
relics—a snuff-box, a gold snap;
A silver guard and trimmings, from a very eager
young chap;

Two coat flaps with linings, from a youth, who,
defying blows,
And oaths, and shoves, was snatching at, and,
I'm sorry to say, missing, the front rose!

One aspiring young youth out of the country
rushed at the wreath like a glutton,
But he retired out of the conflict with only a
bachelor's button!

Another in a frenzy fought for the flowers like
anything crazy,

But I've got his shirt-pin, and he only got two
black eyes and a daisy.

The thought of you makes me rich—Oh, you're
a real friend to the free trade;

You agitate 'em so, and take their attention off
—If you'd keep farewelling my fortune'd
be made.

Oh! how I shall hate to make *white soup* of the
silver, or part with anything for your sake!

I'll wear the country gentleman's brooch, on
your account, it's so very pretty a make!

I didn't get a bud—indeed, I was just at the
moment busy about other things:

I wish you'd allow me to show you a choice
assortment of rings—

You understand the allusion; but I'm in earnest
—that's what I am;

And though I'm famous a little—domestic hap-
piness is better than all fame!

Well—you're going over the water—(it may be
my turn one of these days);

Never heed what them foreigners, the Americans
says!

But hoard your heart up till you come back,
and if I luckily can

Scrape up enough, you shall find me yours, and
a very altered young man!

SECRETS IN ALL TRADES.

A Sketch.

BY JOHN POOLE.

It was nearly two years since I had last paid a visit to a favourite summer retreat of mine—the **** inn,—(as the character I am about to introduce is a real, existing personage, I must be allowed this slight touch of mysteriousness),—on the road between London and Cambridge. The rooms I usually occupied overlooked a spacious lawn and shrubbery at the back part of the house, bounded by an amphitheatre of rising ground, well wooded with firs and other sheltering trees; so that, for all the purposes of quiet and seclusion, I was as well circumstanced in this public inn, as I could have been in the most private dwelling in the most remote corner of England. In addition to this advantage, my frequent visits had familiarized me with all the great dignitaries of the establishment—meaning thereby, Burley (the landlord) and his wife; Tim, the head-waiter; and Patty Ash, the head-chambermaid:—I was therefore always sure of the best rooms, the best attendance, the best-aired bed, and the best wines—yes, certainly, the *best* wine—the house could supply. With respect to the last commodity, I must admit that I never tried my friend Burley's cellar more than twice; for finding that his "best port," and his "other port," and his "different sort of port," and his sherry, and madeira, and claret, and burgundy, and champagne, were alike detestable, I always pleaded the orders of my physician, and took refuge in negus or cold punch. Well; the other morning, the fineness of the weather acting powerfully in concert with the first Cockney attack of the season—a longing to look at green trees—I thought me of the **** inn, jumped into a Cambridge coach, and in little more than two hours found myself within ten miles of my place of destination. Here the coach stopped to lunch; and of the time allowed for the performance of that operation I intended to avail myself, in order to examine the literary treasures of the churchyard, which was invitingly situated on the opposite side of the road.

Scarcely had I entered this silent city of the dead, when I perceived, on an elevated tomb, at a short distance before me, a man reading a newspaper. He was in the reclining attitude of a river-god. The instant he saw me he leaped from his pedestal, and, with many a low bow, approached me. He was a short, round person, with a good-humoured red face, and an eye twinkling and blinking with a sort of grave drollery. His light hair was combed smoothly over his forehead; and, to complete the portrait, I must add, that he wore a straw hat, a pepper-and-salt coat, white waistcoat, yellow silk neckerchief, brown corded breeches, and top-boots. It was no other than my friend Burley himself.

After a brief interchange of expressions of astonishment at our meeting in such a place, I told him I was going on to pass a few days with him at the ****.

"Why, bless my soul, Sir!—don't you know, Sir?—I've left business these six months, Sir! Realized enough for me and Mrs. B. to live upon—no chicks, you know, Sir; made over the concern to Tim, who has married Patty Ash,—a relation of Mrs. B.'s—and bought a cottage just off the road

here, Sir. No, no, Sir; if I were still in business, you wouldn't see me taking my pleasure on a tomb-stone at this time of day, Sir." And, as was usual with him, he accompanied each "Sir" with a low bow.

"I congratulate you on your retirement, Burley. But you must have had a wind-fall, or made some lucky hits in other ways than trade; for you hadn't been many years in possession of the ****.

"No, Sir; all plain sailing, I assure you, Sir; merely minding my P's and Q's; and above all, Sir, *my-system*—Sir: the double L.B.'s."

"The double L.B.'s!"

"Yes, Sir: low bows, Sir—long bills, Sir: you can't have a notion of its value, Sir; but I know it by experience, Sir. Make a gentleman a very low bow when you give him a rather longish bill, and he's as much satisfied as if you took off twenty per cent. Sir. I don't mind letting you into the secret, Sir, now I'm out of the concern; because you were always a patron of mine, Sir, and because I know you are a sort of inquirer into what we may call human nature, Sir;—Eh, Sir?"

"Thank 'e for your confidence, Burley. But pray, now, add to the obligation by informing me upon one other point. Although the service and accommodations of your house were generally unexceptionable, how was it you could command any custom at all, considering that your wines were, to say the best of them, execrable?"

"Bless my soul!—dear me, Sir! Well, that's astonishing!—Why, Sir, I seldom had any complaint about my wines; I assure you, Sir, my wines gave general satisfaction—*especially to the young gentlemen from Cambridge, Sir.*" And, as with comical gravity he said this, he made a bow much lower than usual.

"You can't deny it, Burley: your wines, of all kinds, were detestable—port, madeira, claret, champagne—"

"There, now, Sir! to prove how much gentlemen may be mistaken! I assure you, Sir, as I'm an honest man, I never had but two sorts of wine in my cellar—port and sherry."

"How! when I myself have tried your claret, your—"

"Yes, Sir—*my* claret, Sir. One is obliged to give gentlemen everything they ask for, Sir; gentlemen who pay their money, Sir, have a right to be served with whatever they may please to order, Sir,—especially the young gentlemen from Cambridge, Sir. I'll tell you how it was, Sir. I never would have any wines in my house, Sir, but port and sherry, because I *knew them* to be wholesome wines, Sir; and this I will say, Sir, my port and sherry were *the—very—best* I could procure in all England—"

"How! the best?"

"Yes, Sir—at the price I paid for them. But to explain the thing at once, Sir. You must know, Sir, that I hadn't been long in business when I discovered that gentlemen know very little about wine; but that if they didn't find some fault or other they would appear to know much less,—always excepting the young gentlemen from Cambridge, Sir; and they are *excellent judges!*—[And here again Burley's little eyes twinkled a humorous commentary on the concluding words of his sentence.] Well, Sir; with re-

spect to my dinner wines, I was always tolerably safe: gentlemen seldom find fault at dinner; so whether it might happen to be madeira, or pale sherry, or brown, or—"

"Why, just now, you told me you had but two sorts of wine in your cellar."

"Very true, Sir: port and sherry. But this was my plan, Sir. If any one ordered madeira:—From one bottle of sherry take two glasses of wine, which replace by two glasses of brandy, and add thereto a slight squeeze of lemon; and this I found to give general satisfaction—especially to the young gentlemen from Cambridge, Sir. But, upon the word of an honest man, I could scarcely get a living profit by my madeira, Sir, for I always used the best brandy. As to the pale and brown sherry, Sir—a couple of glasses of nice pure water, in place of the same quantity of wine, made what I used to call *my delicate pale*—(by the bye, a squeeze of lemon added to *that*, made a very fair Buccellas, Sir—a wine not much called for now, Sir.)—and for my old brown sherry, a *little* burnt sugar was the thing. It looked very much like sherry that had been twice to the East Indies, Sir; and, indeed, to my customers who were *very* particular about their wines, I used to serve it as such."

"But, Mr. Burley, wasn't such a proceeding of a character rather—?"

"I guess what you would say, Sir; but I knew it to be a wholesome wine at bottom, Sir. But my port was the wine which gave me the most trouble. Gentlemen seldom agree about port, Sir. One gentleman would say, 'Burley, I don't like this wine—it is too heavy!'—'Is it, Sir? I think I can find you a lighter.' Out went a glass of wine, and in went a glass of water. 'Well, Sir,' I'd say, 'how do you approve of *that*?'—'Why—um—no; I can't say—' 'I understand, Sir, you like an *older wine—softer*: I think I can please you, Sir.—Pump again, Sir.—Now, Sir,' says I, (wiping the decanter with a napkin, and triumphantly holding it up to the light,) 'try this if you please.—That's it, Burley—that's the very wine: bring another bottle of the same.—But one can't please every body the same way, Sir. Some gentlemen would complain of my port as being poor—without body. In went *one* glass of brandy. If that didn't answer, 'Aye, gentlemen,' says I, 'I know what will please you—you like a fuller bodied, rougher wine.' Out went *two* glasses of wine, and in went *two or three* glasses of brandy. This used to be a *very* favourite wine—but *only* with the young gentlemen from Cambridge, Sir."

"And your claret?"

"My good, wholesome port again, Sir. Three wines out, three waters in, one pinch of tartaric acid, two ditto orris powder. For a fuller claret, a little brandy—for a lighter claret, more water."

"But how did you contrive about Burgundy?"

"That was *my* claret, Sir, with from three to six drops of bergamot, according as gentlemen liked a full flavour or a delicate flavour. As for champagne, Sir, that, of course, I made myself."

"How do you mean of course, Burley?"

"Lord, Sir," said he, with an innocent, yet waggish look; "surely everybody makes his own champagne—else what *can* become of all the gooseberries?"

A PEASANT GIRL'S LOVE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE O'HARA TALES.

THE county assizes had commenced in my native town, when a new batch of Irish tithe arrangers were brought in prisoners by a strong party of police. They had attacked only the previous evening a gentleman's house, in our neighbourhood, for the purpose of rifling it of arms—had been repulsed by the police, who, aware of their intentions, lay in ambush for them, and lives were lost on both sides. I was idling on one of the bridges, when they passed by to the jail, bound with ropes and with belts and buckles to the common cars of the country, and the expression of their haggard cheeks and hopeless or scowling eyes, was sickening in the fair sun-light of that beautiful spring day. Some of them were wounded too, and brow, or hand, or clothing, gave vivid evidence of the fact.

But, although the general impression made by the whole of the wretched groups was painful, one face among them strongly interested me. It was that of a young man not more than nineteen or twenty; his features were comely, and, I would have it, full of goodness and gentleness. His clear blue eye too was neither sulky, nor savage, nor reckless, but seemed to express only great awe of his situation, unless when, from some sudden mental recurrence to home—perhaps, it quailed, or became suffused with tears. I involuntarily followed the melancholy procession towards the jail, thinking of that young man. After all the prisoners had been ushered into their new abode, a popular, anti-tithe attorney, whom I knew, accosted me. He was always ready to conduct, gratis, the defences of poor wretches similarly situated, and he told me his intention of going into the jail, that moment, to try and collect materials for saving the lives, at least, of some of the new comers. I expressed a wish to assist him in his task: he readily consented, observing, that as the unfortunate men would certainly be put on their trials the next day, no offer of aid, in their favour, was to be disregarded; and so we entered the jail together.

It fell to my lot to visit the cell, among others, of the lad who had so much interested me. His assertions, supported, or, not contradicted, by most of his band, seemed to argue, that I had not formed a wrong opinion of his character—nay, better still, that there was a good chance of snatching him from the gallows, even though he must leave his native land for ever. He had been forced, he said, to accompany the others upon their fatal sortie—had never been "out" before—and had not pulled a trigger or raised a hand against the police; and, as I have said, his more guilty associates supported, or else did not contravene his statement. So, confident that the police would also bear him out, at the really critical moment, I took notes of his defence for my friend the attorney, and passed on to other cells—but of the results of my continued investigation I will not now speak.

The sagacious attorney was right. By twelve o'clock next day four of the men, including my favourite client, were placed at the bar of their country: three others were too ill of their wounds to be at present produced. All was soon over—and over to my affliction and almost consternation. Instead of swearing that the young lad had been comparatively forbearing during the battle

outside the gentleman's house, the police, one and all, from some strange mistake—for surely they thought they were in the right—distinctly deposed, that his was the hand which slew one of their force, and badly wounded another. In vain did he protest, with the energy of a young man pleading for dear, dear life, and all its array of happy promise, against their evidence; in vain did his fellow prisoners support him: he and they were found guilty in common; but his fate was the terrific one—of him the example was to be made; and while the other men were only sentenced to transportation for life, he was doomed to be hanged by the neck within forty-eight hours, and his body given for dissection.

As the Judge uttered the last words of his sentence, a shriek, I shall never forget—it wings through my head now, and makes my nerves quiver and cringe—a woman's shriek—and a young woman's too, pierced up to the roof of the silent court-house, and then I heard a heavy fall. The young culprit had been trembling and swaying from side to side, during his sentence; at the soul-thrilling sound he started into upright and perfect energy; his hands, which had grasped the bar of the dock, were clapped together with a loud noise; the blood mounted to his very forehead; his lips parted widely, and, having almost shouted out—"Moya! it's she! I knew she'd be here!" he suddenly made a spring to clear the back of the dock. Obviously, no impulse to escape dictated the action; he wanted to raise Moya—his betrothed Moya—from the floor of the court-house, and clasp her in his arms—and that was all. And, doubtless, in his vigorous and thrice-nerved strength, he must have succeeded in his wild attempt, but that the sleeve of one arm, and the hand of the other became impaled on the sharp iron spikes which surmounted the formidable barrier before him. Thus cruelly impeded, however, he was easily secured, and instantly led down, through a trap-door in the bottom of the dock, to his "condemned cell," continuing, till his voice was lost in the depths beneath us, to call out, "Moya, enishla-ma-chree, Moya!"

I hastened, with many others, into the body of the court, and there learned, from her father and mother, and other friends, the connexion between her and the sentenced lad. They were to have been married at Easter. This did not lessen my interest in him. My attorney joined me, and we spoke of all possible efforts to obtain a commutation of his sentence, after Moya's parents had forced her out of the court-house, on the way to their home, rejecting all her entreaties to be led into the jail, and—married.

We thought of hearing what the wounded policeman might say. But he was fourteen miles distant, on the spot where the affray had occurred, and, even though his evidence might be favourable, we knew we must be prepared to forward it to Dublin, as the Judge would leave our town for the metropolis that day. We set to work, however, mounted two good horses, and within three hours learned from the lips of the wounded man that the Rockite who had fired at him was an elderly and ill-favoured fellow. It was our next business to convey our new evidence into the town; we did so, in a carriage, borrowed from the person whose house had been at-

tacked. He was confronted with all the prisoners; we cautioned him to say nothing that might give a false hope to the object of our interest—but, after leaving the cell, he persisted in exculpating him from having either killed his comrade or wounded himself, and, moreover, pointed out the real culprit among those who had not yet been put upon their trial.

This was a good beginning. An affidavit was soon prepared, which the policeman signed. A few minutes afterwards the attorney, helped in his expenses for the road by some friends, myself among the number, started for Dublin as fast as four horses could gallop with him. Ten hours, out of the forty-eight allowed to the condemned to prepare for death, had already elapsed. Our good attorney must do the best he could within thirty-seven hours—it was fearful not to leave an hour to spare—to calculate time when it would just be merging into eternity. But we had good hopes. If horses did not fail on the road, going and returning, and if the Judge, and, after him, the Lord Lieutenant, could be rapidly approached, it was a thing to be done. That if, however!—I scarce slept a wink through the night. Next morning early I called on the clergyman whose sad duty it was to visit the poor lad in his condemned cell; he and I had been schoolfellows; and he was a young man of most amiable character. He told me "his poor penitent" was not unfit to die, nor did he dread the fate before him, notwithstanding his utter anguish of heart at so sudden and terrible a parting from his young mistress. I communicated the hopes we had, and asked the clergyman's opinion as to the propriety of alleviating the lad's agony by a slight impartation of them. My reverend young friend would not hear of such a thing: his conscience did not permit him. It was his duty, he said, his sacred duty, to allow nothing to distract the mind and heart of his penitent from resignation to his lot: and should he give him a hope of life, and then see that hope dashed, he would have helped to kill a human soul, not to save one. I gave up the point, and endeavoured to seek occupations and amusements to turn my thoughts from the one subject which absorbed and fevered them. But in vain: and when the second night came, I had less sleep than on the first.

Early on the second morning I took a walk into the country, along the Dublin road, vaguely hoping to meet, even so early, our zealous attorney, returning to us, with a white handkerchief streaming from the window of his post-chaise: that idea had got into my head, like a picture, and would recur every moment. I met him not. I lingered on the road. I heard our town clock pealing twelve—the boy had but an hour to live. I looked towards the county jail, whither he had been removed for execution—the black flag was waving over its drop-door. Glancing once more along the Dublin road, I ran as fast as I could towards the jail. Arrived at the iron gate of its outer yard, I was scarce conscious of the multitude who sat on a height, confronting it, all hushed and silent, or of the strong guard of soldiers at the gate, till one of them refused me way. I bribed the serjeant to convey my name to the governor of the prison, and was admitted, first, into the outer-yard, then by the guard-room door, and along a colonnade of pillars, connected

with iron-work, at either hand, into the inner courts of the jail. The guard-room was under the execution-room, and both formed a building in themselves, separated from the main pile; the colonnade of which I have spoken, leading from one to the other. What had sent me where I now found myself, was an impulse to beseech the sheriff (whom I knew, and who was necessarily in the jail to accompany the condemned to the door of the execution-room) for some short postponement of the fatal moment. He came out to me, in one of the courts at either side of the colonnade; we spoke in whispers, as the good and kind-hearted governor and I had done—though there was not a creature to overhear us, in the deserted and sunny spaces all around. I knew the sheriff would at his peril make any change in the hour; but I told him our case, and his eyes brightened with zeal and benevolence, while he put his watch back three quarters of an hour, and asseverated, with my uncle Toby's oath, I believe, that he would swear it was right, and that all their clocks were wrong, and "let them hang himself for his mistake." Our point arranged, we sunk into silence. It was impossible to go on talking, even in our conscious whispers: one o'clock soon struck! The governor, pale and agitated, appeared, making a sad signal to the sheriff. We beckoned him over to us, and he was shown the infallible watch, and retired again, without a word. My friend and I continued standing side by side, in resumed silence. And all was silence around us too, save some few most melancholy, most appalling sounds: one caused by the step of a sentinel under the window of the condemned cell, at an unseen side of the prison: another by the audible murmurings of the condemned and his priest, heard through that window—both growing more fervent in prayer since the jail clock had pealed one; and a third was made by some person, also unseen, striking a single stroke with a wooden mallet, about every half-minute, upon a large muffled bell, at the top of the prison. Yes—I can recall two other sounds which irritated me greatly: the chirping of sparrows in the sun—and I thought that their usually pert note was now strangely sad—and the tick, tick, of the sheriff's watch, which I heard distinctly in his fob. The minutes flew. I felt pained in the throat—burning with thirst—and losing my presence of mind. The governor appeared again. My friend entered the prison with him. I remained alone, confused and agonized. In a few minutes, the governor came out, bare-headed, and tears on his cheeks. The young clergyman and his younger penitent followed; the former had passed an arm through one of the manacled ones of the latter, and the hands of both were clasped, and pointed upward, and they both were praying, audibly. My old schoolfellow wept like a child. My poor client had passed the threshold into the colonnade, with a firm step—his knees kept peculiarly stiff as he paced along, and his cheeks and forehead were scarlet, while his eye widened and beamed, and was fixed on the steps going up to the execution-room, straight on before him. He did not yet see me, gazing at him. As the sheriff appeared behind him and his priest, also bareheaded, I rapidly snatched my hat from my head. The action attracted his attention—our glances met—and oh! how the flush instantly forsook his forehead and his cheeks—and

how his eyes closed—while cold perspiration burst out on his brow, and he started, stopped, and faltered!—Did he recognize me as the person who had spoken kindly to him in his cell, before his trial, and perhaps, with all my precaution, given him a vague hope? or, was it that the unexpected appearance of a human creature, staring at him in utter commiseration, in that otherwise lonely court-yard, had touched the chord of human associations, and called him back to earth, out of his enthusiastic vision of heaven?—I know not. I cannot even guess:—*who* can? As he faltered, the young priest passed his arm round his body, and gently urged him to his knees, and knelt with him, kissing his cheeks, his lips, pressing his hands, and in tender whispers manning him again for facing shame, and death, and eternity. The governor, the sheriff, and I, instinctively assumed the attitude of prayer at the same moment.—But I hate to give a character of clap-trap to a real, though wonderful occurrence, by continuing too circumstantially. Moya's "own boy" never even mounted the steps of the execution-room. We were first startled, while we all knelt, by—as it afterwards proved—her shrieks at the outer gates: she had escaped from the restraint of her family, and had come to the jail, insisting on being married to him "wid the rope itself round his neck, to live a widow for him for ever"—and next there was a glorious shout from the multitude on the rural heights before the prison, and my one ceaseless idea of our attorney, with a white handkerchief streaming through the window of his post-chaise *was* realized, though every one saw it, but I. And Moya, self-transported for life, went out to Van Dieman's Land, some weeks afterwards, a happy and contented wife, her family having yielded to her wishes at the instance of more advocates than herself, and put some money in her purse also.

THE LOVER OF MUSIC TO THE PIANOFORTE.†

BY LEIGH HUNT.

Oh, friend, whom glad or grave we seek,
Heaven-holding shrine!
I ope thee, touch thee, hear thee speak,
And peace is mine.
No fairy casket, full of bliss,
Outvalues thee:
Love only, waken'd with a kiss,
More sweet may be.

To thee, when our full hearts o'erflow
With griefs or joys,
Unspeakable emotions owe
A fitting voice.
Mirth flies to thee—and Love's unrest—
And Memory dear—
And Sorrow, with his tighten'd breast,
Comes for a tear.

Oh! since no joys of human mould
Thus wait us still,
Thrice bless'd be thine, thou gentle fold
Of peace at will.
No change, no sullenness, no cheat,
In thee we find:
Thy saddest voice is ever sweet,
Thine answers kind.

† Intended for a forthcoming work, entitled 'Musical Illustrations of the English Poets,' by Mr. Barnett.

SHAMHOZAI AND ADAH.

A Talmudic Legend of the Antediluvian World.

BY W. C. TAYLOR, A.B. T.C.D.

AMONG the holy watchers that stood before the gate of Paradise was Shamhozai, a chief among the spiritual legion appointed to guard the tree of life. As he contemplated from his lofty station the kingdoms of the antediluvian world and the glory of them, thoughts of high and daring import arose in his mind: he beheld the littleness of human affairs, and the eager struggles which men exerted to attain the summit of that littleness, and contemning such intellectual degradation, he secretly praised Satan for refusing homage to such a creature as man. His inmost thoughts were known to the Omniscient: scarcely had they assumed shape when Gabriel, intrusted with a commission from Jehovah, stood beside him. "Shamhozai," said the archangel, "why lookest thou with contempt on the lower world? why is that glance of scornful pride cast upon the children of Adam?"

"Because," replied the watcher, "though they have heard of the glorious Eden, from which they have been banished by the crimes of their progenitor, instead of endeavouring to regain the mansions of bliss, they seek paltry enjoyments, frail, fleeting, and unsubstantial. Oh! were I proffered such blissful hopes, and subjected only to such trials, how different would be my conduct—how manifest my scorn of temporal delights—how zealous my pursuit of a glorious immortality!"

"Have thou thy wish," replied the archangel; "for a season shall thy spirit be trammelled by a tabernacle of clay: if thou overcomest all temptation, great shall be thy reward; if thou yieldest, the punishment must be severe."

With joy Shamhozai embraced the offer: a form of more than mortal loveliness soon enshrined his spirit, and he descended to earth full of confidence and hope.

The vale of Paniel, so called by its admiring inhabitants, because they deemed it worthy of a deity's regards, was the loveliest spot that the waters of the deluge washed to ruin. The morn was rising upon its beauties, and clothing them in that mystic light of subdued brilliancy, which unites the whole landscape into one glorious picture—countless fragrant flowers and shrubs loaded the air with their essence—the winged warblers poured forth streams of melody;—Shamhozai stood at its entrance enjoying the ravishing sensations that belonged to his new state of existence, until the ascending sun, flooding the landscape with its effulgence, broke the picture into masses of light and shade; when the flowers bent their heads beneath the scorching rays, and the birds sought refuge in their leafy bowers. He too felt it necessary to seek a place of temporary shelter;—in the distant plain he beheld the towers of a city which the descendants of Cain had built; but the cottages in the happy valley belonged to the holy Sethites; and towards these the angel directed his steps.

The first cottage that he approached belonged to a pious widow named Naamah, who had retired thither with her only daughter Adah, when the wicked Cainites had swept with desolation her former dwelling, and slain her husband at his own threshold. She received the stranger with generous hos-

pitality, and joined him in his reverential homage to the Supreme, which he offered at the stated time which he had been accustomed to in Paradise. Pleased by his devotion, which proved that he belonged not to the race of Cain, Naamah offered him a share of her habitation, while the retiring Adah looked her wishes, Shamhozai gladly assented, and thenceforward was to Naamah as a son.

The growth of love in the bosoms of the pure and pious is like that of a flower, planted we know not when: it springs up we know not how, and attains perfection by a progress so imperceptible, that its appearance in full vigour is the first noticed proof of its existence. Thus it was with Adah and the angel: they scarce knew that they loved, until the feeling had become with them an actual principle of life, and they found themselves necessary not merely to the happiness, but to the existence of each other. With joy did Naamah assent to their union—the marriage was celebrated with the simple rites of a society as yet unsophisticated. Months rolled on, and found their happiness still undiminished: time seemed rather to bring new joys, as each discovered in the other some new perfection.

The season of the vintage arrived,—the period when the Cainites came to enjoy the pleasures of Paniel, to fill the old with melancholy forebodings, and tempt the young to the practice of forbidden pleasures. Among the visitants was Mohara, the loveliest of the daughters of Cain, said to be descended on the mother's side from one of those unhalloved spirits, with whom the father of mankind dwelt after the fall. A proud intellectual bearing, eyes flashing defiance, lips curled with haughty scorn, and a tongue speaking mighty things, gave proof of her demon origin. Shamhozai at first looked with disgust on a being that contrasted so powerfully with his own modest Adah; but his curiosity was piqued to investigate more nearly a character that in its mighty energies not a little resembled his own. From the moment that she first saw him, Mohara had resolved to master the affections of one so superior to all her other lovers: she met the angel with undisguised raptures—she conversed with a freedom and boldness that even to him seemed the consummation of intellectual daring—she spoke of fate, free will, and the contest between energy and necessity, as though her soul had penetrated the secret of mysteries that transcend even angelic ken. Surprise changed into admiration, and that again into a warmer passion,—not such holy and pure love as he felt for Adah, but that burning, desolating flame that consumes every noble feeling, and leaves room in the breast for nought but its own wild fires. Adah mourned in secret over a change, of which she was conscious, ere yet it was suspected by Shamhozai; but she spoke not a word of reproach, and confined her sorrows to her own bosom. Her melancholy look, the tears she sometimes shed, and the dullness of suppressed grief, were, in the excited state of his feelings, as fuel to the unlawful passions of the angel: he fled from Adah to the intoxicating Mohara, and with her forgot all the tranquil joys that had hitherto been the bound of his desires.

It was night; the juice pressed from the grapes circled round among the companies of labourers that had completed their toils:

one by one the Shemites retired from its maddening influence, while Shamhozai with the sons of Cain drank deeper of the fatal cup. Let darkness cover the deeds of guilt that succeeded the festivity: deeds that ere long were to blight the earth with a fearful curse, and change its whole surface into one universal charnel-house.

In the morning Naamah went forth to tend her flock, and, passing by a shady bower, beheld Shamhozai pillowed on the breast of his paramour. Her shriek at the sight woke the guilty pair. Enraged at the detection, Shamhozai spurned the aged woman: she fell against a sharp stone, and her life flowed forth with the bubbling blood.

Mohara accompanied Shamhozai to the cottage, and Adah was ordered by her cruel husband to wait on her imperious rival. It was the hour of morning prayer, and, turning to the east, she poured forth to the author of mercy those sublime effusions of devotion, which the angel had taught her in happier hours. To the lost spirit the words of holiness sounded as a reproach: howling forth an oath of horrid blasphemy, he sprung on the hapless Adah, and had seized her throat with deadly gripe, when at once "the heavens thundered, and the Highest gave his voice hailstones and coals of fire." A cloud of thick darkness fell round about them, and the voice of Gabriel exclaimed, "It is consummated—the measure of guilt is complete!"

When the cloud cleared away, the cottage and its inhabitants had disappeared; but our father Enoch, to whom the secrets of the invisible world were known, declares that Adah joined her mother Naamah in the world of bliss; that the demon Mohara still wanders upon earth, and is worshipped by the idolators as the goddess of impure pleasure; and that thus she labours to make others share in the horrors that eternally torture her breast; and Shamhozai sits, and will sit for ever, chained to a seat in front of Paradise, shut out from the presence of those holy choirs where his Adah enjoys endless felicity, condemned to contemplate the earth while it endures, and to confess that self-confidence and defiance of temptation are the certain sources of guilt and shame.

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

I send you some very striking lines: they were written two or three years ago by Mr. Bédoucs, the author of 'The Bride's Tragedy,' and form part of a drama. I am taking, I apprehend, no more than the liberty of a friend, in sending them to the Editor of the Athenæum. I wish, at the time that I thus make them public, that I could by any persuasion induce one of the most imaginative poets which our age has seen, to return to his allegiance to the muse. C.

A great Spirit becomes conscious of its powers.

Now my soul
Developes its great beams, and, like a cloud
Racked by the mighty winds, at once expands
Into a measureless, immortal growth.
Crescented Night and amethystine Stars,
And Day, thou god and glory of the heavens,
Flow on for ever! Play, ye living spheres,
Through the infinity of azure, wafted
On billowy music! Airs immortal, strew
Your tressed beauty on the clouds and seas!
And thou, the sun of these! Nature of all!
Thou Providence, pervading the whole space
Of measureless Creation! the vast Mind,

Whose thoughts these pageantries and seasons
are;

Who claspest all in one imagination,
All hail! I too am an Eternity!
I am a Universe! My soul is bent
Into a girdling circle full of days;
And suns are launched, and planets wake
within me!

The following dialogue is full of fancy and tenderness.

Song.

Merry, merry little Stream,
Tell me, hast thou seen my dear?
I left him with an azure dream,
Calmly sleeping on his bier—
But he has fled!

I passed him in his churchyard bed—
A yew is sleeping o'er his head,
And grass roots mingle with his hair.

What doth he there?
O cruel! can he live alone!
Or in the arms of one more dear?
Or hides he in that bower of stone,
To cause and kiss away my fear?

He doth not speak, he doth not moan—
Blind, motionless, he lies alone;
But ere the grave-snake flesh'd his sting,
This one warm tear he bade me bring,
And lay it at thy feet
Among the daisies sweet.

Moonlight whisperer, summer air,
Songstress of the groves above,
Tell the maiden rose I wear,
Whether thou hast seen my love.

This night in heaven I saw him lie,
Discontented with his bliss;
And on my lips he left this kiss,
For thee to taste, and then to die!

PHILOSOPHY.

Where doth soaring Fancy fly?
Where doth Thought, the spirit, lie?
Where lives the angel Love?
Where Life? where Peace, the dove?
In the heart? or in the eye?
Tell me where they live, and why?
Old and sage Philosophy!

Why doth mortal man disdain
Safe and hairless rest?
Wherefore roam from sin to pain,
Trying every change in vain,
Leaving still the best,—
Hopes that live for Fears that die?
Tell me, grave Philosophy!

Sure, all frantic fancies run
Through his boiling veins,
Maddening life from sun to sun,
Till the last grand goal is won,
And then—what use his pains?
All his fame 'tween earth and sky?
Tell all this, Philosophy!

B. C.

AN EVERY DAY PARADOX;

OR, HOW A MAN LOST ALL THAT HE WAS
WORTH BY GETTING RICH.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

THERE was a little village boy,—
Oh! but his heart was full of joy,
Had he a stick to whistle on;
A bag of marbles and a kite,—
Surely there never was delight,
Like that of Johnny Littleton.

But time flew on;—a boy no longer,
Up he grew, taller, stouter, stronger,
And then you would admire;—

For he had made a splendid marriage,
And he rode in a shining carriage,—
John Littleton, Esquire!

No doubt you think this very grand,—
But I must make you understand
A very different case;
Though shrewdest heads might not have found,
Had they surveyed this great man round,
Misfortune in his face.

And yet he was most sad,—for riches
Have something in them that bewitches,
And fills with large pretences;
Whilst, like a terrible disease,
They rob us of our mirth and ease,
Our faculties and senses.

And this was now his case; for he
Had lost his sight; he could not see
Some things, however nigh:
The friends and playmates of his youth—
He could not see them, though, in truth,
Some stood full six feet high.

And then his hearing went;—oh! none
Had ears so quick as little John
For neighbours in their need;—
But now, if sorrow cries and roars,
What hope to pierce a dozen doors,
And ears most deaf indeed?

And soon he lost his common sense.
Puffed up with most absurd pretence,
He hoped abroad to find
Each better man, in poorer case,
Bow down unto the dust his face,—
He was so out of mind.

His peace of mind expired in glooms.
He built a house of many rooms,—
Of many, and most grand:
But through them all he sought in vain;
He could not find his peace again,
In all his house and land.

Next memory wavered and withdrew.
The more estate and body grew,
Still grew his memory thinner;
Until he even could not tell,
Without a good resounding bell,
His common hour of dinner.

So, on his house-top it was hung,
And loudly, duly was it rung,
To summon him to dine;
As well as that the poor might be
Assured, as they were drinking tea,
That he was drinking wine.

Alas! what mattered wine, or food?
Oh! but he was in different mood,
By his own mother's door,
With porringer of milk and bread;—
But now, his appetite had fled;
And it returned no more.

No! not though dishes did abound;
Though powdered lacqueys stood around,
In jackets quaintly dressed:
With scarlet collar, scarlet wrist,
And buttons stamped with a great beast,—
John's true armorial crest.

This beast he on his trinkets wore;
On harness; on his carriage door;
And on his sealed letters;
Upon his bed, upon his chair,
This beast was figured everywhere,—
A beast in golden fetters.

Lost eye and ear; lost heart and health;
Good name; good conscience;—save his wealth,
What loss could still befall?
Alas! to crown the dismal whole,
He died!—'tis feared he lost his soul—
The heaviest loss of all!

THE PEASANT.

BY MISS JEWsbury.

It was an afternoon in May,
 Not one like this, half March, half June,
 With now a gust,—and now a ray,—
 Blossoms shut up—birds out of tune—
 Oh no, it was a lovely day,
 Or day's best part, the afternoon.
 I loitered through a sweet domain,
 Sweeter, because 'twas *not* my own,
 And wages, and the want of rain,
 Were evils to my friend alone;
 With every other fear and pain
 That is to careful gardeners known.
 To me, the apple-blossom's pink
 Was but a lovely hue of beauty;
 I never checked my walk, to think
 Of future fruit, (the owner's duty);
 Rich beds were there, yet on their brink,
 I never dreamt of market booty.
 My heart was in my ears and eyes,
 And those, the birds and flowers were filling
 With that still joy which never dies,
 (And yet will never fetch a shilling.)
 A joy that makes air, earth, and skies,
 And even man, seem bland and willing.
 I loitered on with languid pace,
 Too tranquil for book or thought,
 Until I reached a sunny space,
 To which exotic plants were brought;
 In idle mood I sought the place;
 I left it not as I had sought.
 Broad, brown, and not much past his prime,
 I saw a hale and sinewy man,
 My eye had passed him many a time,
 Now, keenly o'er his face it ran;
 He leaned his back against a lime,
 And, seeing all, seemed nought to scan.
 A touch of grief was in his eye;
 And when I asked him of his trees,
 And foreign flowers of splendid dye,
 He answered me as ill at ease,
 And said, his son was like to die,
 An idiot son;—"If God should please,
 'Twould be a great relief," said I—
 Light words that no rude meaning had:
 Yet, how few know the father's heart!
 He looked upon me sternly sad
 As I had pierced him with a dart:
 "My only, helpless, precious lad,
 My last of ten—'tis hard to part!
 "Since I beheld his dying mother,
 'Tis twenty years this very May;
 We watched beside her, one or other,
 Thinking she could not last a day,
 And wondering when she reached another:
 It seemed she *could* not pass away;
 "Eleven years had she been my wife,
 Faithful as ever poor man had;
 She gave ten pretty children life,
 And strove with fortune, good and bad,
 Ever with love and patience rife,
 But most for her afflicted lad;—
 "The one now dying:—from a boy,
 He had an idiot-cripple been,
 Mischievous, caring not for toy,
 Nor play-fellow, nor change of scene;
 And yet she dwelt on him with joy,
 As if he had been fair and keen.
 "The others were all dead, and so
 Our love could only rest on him,
 I thought I loved him well; but no,
 Her feeling made mine weak and dim;
 Even to heaven she could not go
 Unless I promised—"twas a whim
 "I thought at first,—a fancy come
 Through the strong fever of her brain,)
 Never to give within my home
 Another woman right to reign,
 Lest her poor helpless one should roam
 Neglected—and have cause for pain.

"She thought the child would early die,
 And then I should be free to use
 My freedom as I would;—so I
 Could not her dying wish refuse;
 Full twenty years have passed me by,
 And yet, I am not free to choose.

"At first, perhaps, I thought it hard,
 When neighbours' hearts looked blythe and
 cheery,

That I alone should be debarred,
 And forced to live a life so dreary;
 But soon, I found a great reward,
 And never more my heart was weary.

"The boy grew up to man's estate,
 Yet helpless as a babe in arms;
 I watched him early, watched him late;
 He often ailed and came to harms;
 He often ailed and came to harms;
 I had to work, and watch, and wait,
 Till work and watching had their charms.

"He kept my cot from being lone;
 He loved me with his feeble mind;
 And oft would utter word and moan,
 That must have made a heathen kind;
 Besides, besides, he was my own,
 The one his mother left behind.

"He knew no joys that others knew,
 But he had oft their cause for tears,
 Strange fits of sickness, and not few;
 Nor might he stir abroad, through fears
 Of mischief he might meet or do—
 And this has lasted twenty years.

"Aye, twenty years; and every one
 Has brought him closer to my heart;
 He cannot last another sun,
 And it is hard, so hard to part!
 To feel my work for ever done—
 Pray God, you never feel such smart!"

The father ceased; I turned aside
 Corrected for my idle phrase,
 And much of false refinement's pride
 Lay dead in me, for many days;
 And soul and sense were satisfied
 To doubt and question less, God's ways.

Boast we of days heroic, fled?
 Of the pure faith of chivalry?
 Knight, noble, hero, bow the head,
 And say a kindred soul may be
 A dweller in life's lowliest shed—
 Aye, say my noble peasant's he!

NOTHING BUT RAGS!

BEFORE the time of Confucius, there flourished, in the Celestial Empire, a certain merchant, named Xi-fo. He had a son, Psu-fi, of comely mien, and of a disposition that recommended itself unto all hearts. Even fathers envied the happiness of Xi-fo, possessing such a son; and bachelors, when they beheld him, lifted up their hands, and prayed that when they married, their wives might bring them such an heir as Psu-fi. He was, indeed, a mirror of truth, and a pearl of loveliness.

It happened that Xi-fo became bound for one whom he had known from the days of his childhood: but the heart of him he held his friend was filled with untruth, and his smiles were the blandishments of the deceitful. In few words, Xi-fo trusted, and was deceived: he lost his riches; but, as the wise have held, he lost what is dearer than wealth—confidence in his fellow-men. Unhappy Xi-fo! he was forced to leave the house of his fathers, and with his only son, the pious Psu-fi became an outcast and a beggar. Psu-fi—to support his parent—hardened the soft hand of ease with daily labour: he worked as a porter in the city, and returned every night to his father, with the

scanty wages of his toil. One day, spent with weariness, Psu-fi had cast his load upon the earth, and, seated beside it, he gave vent in tears to the bitterness of his heart. He was interrupted in his grief by the appearance of an old and ugly woman. Her face was wrinkled—she was bent double—and her limbs shook with palsy. She asked the cause of Psu-fi's grief; and, though at first the young man started with fear at the intruder, yet, when further urged, there was a kindness in the old woman's voice that opened Psu-fi's heart, and it straightway poured forth its sorrows.

"Cheer up, Psu-fi," cried the old woman, when she had learned the history of his grief, "Cheer thee, beautiful youth; thou shalt again be rich—thou shalt cease from labour—and the grey hairs of Xi-fo shall be lifted from the dust. This I promise thee." Psu-fi smiled a sickly smile, and the old woman continued, "Look here, my son. Here is a little box: it contains a spirit that shall work for thee night and day—that shall make thee fine houses, gardens, build pagodas, train thee horses, clothe thee with the richest attire, and, indeed, make thy whole life one long walk through a garden of never-fading roses. This will the labouring spirit do for thee."

"Impossible, mother," cried Psu-fi, though his ears rang as with a strain of rich music, "Impossible."

"All this will the spirit do for thee."

"And how shall I reward it?—What shall I do for it?—for all this labour—this life of ease and joy, what shall I give the spirit!"

"Rags!"

"Mother—truly I am sick at heart: pass on, and do not mock me."

"Psu-fi, I do not mock. Take the box, and listen to my speech. The spirit will work for thee, so thou dost give it *nothing but rags*: one strip each morn will suffice. The spirit will labour and do thy wishes; but heed my words, thou must pay its works in *nought but rags*." The old woman placed the box in the hands of Psu-fi, and before he could wink, she was gone.

In a short time, Psu-fi put to trial the skill of the spirit. He was overjoyed; the old woman had uttered truth. Xi-fo was again rich, and died in the house of his fathers. For many years did Psu-fi reap the labours of the spirit. But the heart of Psu-fi was gentle, and it often smote him that for such costly gifts all he returned to the spirit was *rags*. "At least," would ruminate Psu-fi, "the creature should have some share of the treasures that it brings me." At length, Psu-fi determined that with the next moon, instead of a strip of rag, he would present the spirit with a beautiful cloth of woven gold. He did so, and from that hour the spirit fled and ceased to serve him.

On his death-bed Psu-fi related to his son, Fo-fo, how disobedience to the orders of the old woman had lost him the labours of the spirit. "I charge thee," said Psu-fi, "should the spirit be given to thee, return it for its labours *nothing but rags*."

Psu-fi died, and Fo-fo, thrown upon the world, became a beggar. Then the old woman appeared again, and entrusted to Fo-fo the spirit which had served his father. Fo-fo received the gift, with a determination to return for all kinds of good *nothing but rags*.

Fo-fo became the richest mandarin in

China. He never suffered the spirit to be idle. It built bridges, temples, streets, cut rivers, dug mines, travelled for luxuries to all corners of the earth, was a slave, a sweating slave; whilst Fo-fo, gorged with wealth, remembered his father's injunctions, and gave to the spirit, to the toiling wretched servant of his will—*nothing but rags*.

Has not the Chinese mandarin left many descendants?

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

A FAREWELL.

BY T. E. HERVEY.

FAREWELL!—I do not bid thee weep,—
The hoarded love of many years,
The visions hearts like thine must keep,
May not be told by tears!
No! tears are but the spirit's showers,
To wash its *lighter* clouds away,
In breasts where sun-bows, like the flowers,
Are born of rain and ray;
But gone from thine is all the glow
That helped to form life's promise-bow!

Farewell!—I know that never more
Thy spirit, like the bird of day,
Upon its own sweet song, shall soar
Along a sunny way!—
The hour that wakes the waterfall
To music, in its far-off flight,
And hears the silver fountains call,
Like angels through the night,
Shall bring thee songs whose tones are sighs,
From harps whose chords are memories!

Night!—when, like perfumes that have slept,
All day, within the wild flower's heart,
Steal out the thoughts the soul has kept
In silence and apart;
And voices we have pined to hear,
Through many a long and lonely day,
Come back upon the dreaming ear,
From grave-lands, far away;
And gleams look forth, of spirit-eyes,
Like stars along the darkening skies!

When fancy and the lark are still—
Those riders of the morning gale!—
And walks the moon o'er vale and hill,
With memory and the nightingale;
The moon,—which is the daylight's ghost,
(As memory is the ghost of hope),
And holds a lamp to all things lost
Beneath night's solemn cope,
Pale as the lamp by memory led
Along the cities of the dead!

Alas! for thee and for thy youth!
The youth that is no longer young!
Whose heart, like Delphi's shrine, in sooth,
Gives oracles that still are truth,
But never more in song!†
Whose breast, like echo's haunted hall,
Is filled with murmurs of the *past*,
Ere yet its "gold was dim," and all
Its "pleasant things" laid waste!
From whose sweet windows never more
Shall look the sunny soul of yore!

Farewell!—I do not bid thee weep,—
The smile and tear are past for thee;
The river of thy thoughts must keep
Its solemn course, too still and deep
For idle eyes to see!
Oh! earthly things are all too far
To throw their shadows o'er its stream;—
But, now and then, a silver star,
And, now and then, a gleam
Of glory from the skies be given,
To light its waves with dreams of heaven!

† One of the works of Pliny was, an Inquiry into the causes why the Priestess at Delphi had ceased to deliver her oracles in verse.

WRITTEN AFTER CONTEMPLATING THE BEAUTIFUL EFFIGY OF THE

LADY MARGARET OF RICHMOND,

In Henry the Seventh's Chapel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'LONDON IN THE OLDEN TIME.'

SCEPTRE, nor ermined gown,
Nor orb, nor leaf-wrought crown,
Grace thy proud image, Lady Margaret!
With robe of simplest guise,
Clasped hands, and closed eyes,
Thou sleep'st, famed scion of Plantagenet!
Yet, well may we in form and feature trace
That thou wert daughter of a kingly race.

No circlet needeth thou
To span that high arched brow,
Where power and intellect sit throned in state—
A proud regality
Hath so invested thee,
Like royal mantle, that amid the great
Thou art the greatest. On thy princely mien
We gaze, and own, tho' crownless, thou wast queen.

O! foster-mother kind
Unto the youthful mind—
What halls, what palace schools, were reared
By thee:

How kindly didst thou smile,
When to this favoured isle,
That wondrous art was brought, whose energy
Such marvels wrought—tho' timid power with-
stood,
Thy nobler mind pronounced—that "light was
good."†

And thou didst hail the dawn
Of that far glancing morn
That poured upon the world its splendours
Bright;
And nobly cast aside
All thine ancestral pride,
To seek and hail that all-reviving light;
Even as the frozen Laplander doth run
To bless and worship his long vanished sun.

And when, struck by the might
Of that all-piercing light,
The fount of classic lore out-welled anew;
Like priestess of the spring,
Each votary welcoming
With ceaseless hand, thou, from its fulness drew
The copious draught, that all who would might
drain
The witching cup, and thirst to drink again.

Oh, therefore, crownless one!
Tho' worthy loftiest throne,
On thy brow noblest diadem is set;—
To aid the aspiring mind,
To bless all human kind,
These are thy trophies, honoured Margaret!
And dim would gems or golden circlet glow,
To that pure halo shed around thy brow.

With chant and anthem swell,
Incense, and pealing bell,
And white-robed priests, girt round with tapers'
blaze,
They bore thee to thy tomb;
And many here did come
In pious pilgrimage, thro' many days
Blessing thy name. 'Tis past—and votary none
Hast thou, save she, who muses o'er thy stone.

Alas!—but not for thee—
For, to thy memory
The thankful few shall ever honour give.
And nought reck'st thou in Heaven
Of fame withheld, or given,
Thy deeds have followed thee, for aye, to live;—
Alas! for us, not thee—we, who forget
Thy princely largesse, noblest Margaret!

† The first printing press in England was set up under the express auspices of this most illustrious patroness of literature.

THE HOUR OF SONG.

BY THE REV. HENRY STEBBING, M.A.

WHEN storms are brooding o'er the sea,
And thou my heart art beating free,
And dreams arise that are not bound
To wander on earth's charnel ground,
But forth the spirit springs to hold
Communion with the great of old,
Then let the night be still and long—
Then is the fittest hour of song.

'Tis then thought comes, the spirit's bride!
With love-born beauty at her side,
And flashing thwart the gloom of night,
Fills all the heart with heavenly light;
While memories—dim, sweet memories rise,
And grow beneath her wakeful eyes,
Distinct and bright as forms that live
In all the glory life can give.

And then we better feel within,
What we and what the past have been;
Shake off the change the world has taught,
And be what God and nature wrought:—
Then know we 'tis the hour of song!—
Then walk we 'mid a glorious throng
Of pure, bright spirits, crowned, like them,
With thought's imperial diadem!

LIFE'S PILGRIM.

BY THOMAS ROSCOE.

Questa vita mortal, ch'in una o due
Brevi e notturne ore trapassa ocura. *Bello Cans.*

THIS mortal life, of few and feverish days,
Time hurries on!—Though weak, oppressed,
obscure;

Its iron yoke and fetters still endure!
In spirit mourning, but with lips of praise.
For thou art taught, through dark and dange-
rous ways,
A Saviour's hand shall lead thy footsteps sure.
Go, fold within thy heart his precepts pure,
Lean on his cross;—a staff that none betrays.
Summon thy spirit from the dream of death,
That bound it trembling to this world of dust—
Gird on thy strength of faith and holy trust,
And warm thy being in immortal breath:
Adoring, trembling, ask the King of Kings
To shield thee 'neath his own almighty wings.

TO A CELEBRATED SELF-MULTIPLIER,

When not yet seen on the Stage.

I've seen you once or twice—or seen
One of you once or twice, I mean,
And the high treat 's reserved for me,
Your fourscore other selves to see—
(Bewildering diversity
Of multiplied identity!)
But, laud you as I must, good Sir,
In each quick change of character,
No, never one can ever seem
So worthy of my true esteem,
As that, I have already known,
Without disguise or change—*your own*.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

POETRY and romance have made an inroad upon the province of criticism this week, and, to say the truth, such invasion was not unwelcome, for there is nothing stirring in literature that required much space for discussion. We hear with deep concern, that the days of the illustrious Author of 'Waverley' are numbered; that he lies on a sick bed, whence he is never likely to rise in life: all this, it is true, is but rumour, and we know nothing of certainty; yet it gains general belief. It is said, that his extreme desire to reach Abbotsford, induced him to tra-

vel seventeen hours a day on his way home, which was more than he could well bear.

The Royal Academy have sanctioned, we hear, various improvements in the galleries of their proposed structure: of these, the most material, is the hall of Sculpture; the width is increased to thirty-six feet; the lights are better regulated, and the entrance is altered, so that the way to the Paintings will not lie, as before, directly through the Sculpture.

Various circumstances have conspired to delay the commencement of Miss Kelly's projected mono-dramatic entertainment, until November next. On Miss Kelly's account, we cannot regret this arrangement, for it would surely have been too much for her, to have gone through so arduous an undertaking twice a week, and to have played at the Olympic the four remaining nights. When Miss Kelly does begin her single-handed engagement with the public, she will thus be enabled to devote the whole energies of her mind and body to it, and the result can hardly fail to be more satisfactory to both parties.

S^{rs} Tosi and Mr. Mason are battling it away fiercely with paper pellets in the daily prints. The manager is of opinion that the lady has forfeited her engagement by refusing to perform in male attire. How this may be, we leave the lawyers to determine: but certain it is, that she is the fourth prima donna who has felt it necessary to publish her grievances—Mr. Seguin too, we regret to hear, has retired from the box-office management. We fear Mr. Mason is not sufficiently sensible of the value of undeviating courtesy and unshakable temper in that most wearying situation.—Mad. Devrient takes her benefit on Wednesday next, when 'Don Juan' will be performed in German with the original finale. Mad. Fischer has just arrived to supply the place of Mad. Devrient if the latter decide not to renew her engagement.—We believe it is intended to continue the performance of German operas for two months longer, should the public not grow weary of them. Pellegrini leaves on Saturday next.

The ink was hardly dry with which this was written, when we read a *fifth* appeal to the public, by S^{rs} Grisi—really these squabbles are very disgraceful. We offer no opinion on the subjects in dispute, but certainly Mr. Mason's letters are sadly wanting in courtesy.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

July 3.—This being the day appointed for the adjudication of medals for the most superior collections of roses, the meeting-room was thronged with the admirers of that favourite plant. The number of varieties of roses exhibited was very considerable, and reflected great credit on the competitors, the most choice portions of whose collections were displayed. Although they were the principal, they did not form the sole attractions, there being intermingled with them the cactus, the air-plant, hybrid gladioli, and plants of many other beautiful tribes. We observed also specimens in high perfection of the black Hamburgh, white Constantia, and black Frontignac grapes; and, among the strawberries, the old pine, Wilnot's superb, and yellow Chili varieties.

The medals were gained by Mr. John Lee,

Lord Grenville, Mr. Young, and Mr. Smith, of Combe Wood.

Nine candidates were elected Fellows of the Society.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

The monthly meeting was held on Thursday, Joseph Sabine, Esq., in the chair.—The report stated the receipts in the month of June to be 1996*l.*, and the number of visitors to the garden 31,348. The first sale of duplicate animals by auction, in the gardens, produced 93*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.* The donations to the menagerie were of more than usual value—a pair of African lions, a puma, a tortoise of enormous size, and many smaller animals of interest—the tortoise, a specimen of *Testudo Indica*, weighed 400 lbs. when shipped for England, had been 70 years in one family, and was supposed to be considerably more than 100 years old. The Secretary stated that both elephants at the Gardens now took to the water freely, and enjoyed their bath together on the most friendly terms.

FINE ARTS

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

Exhibition of Old Masters.

EACH successive year as it brings round a new exhibition of the works of the old masters, serves to show how great are the riches of the art contained in the private houses of England—and every exhibition is fresh proof which way the taste of the country inclines. We see a preference evinced for portraits, landscapes, and for those masters, who, by colouring, compensate for the absence of the highest qualities of the art; and, we see also, that there is a still more general partiality for those departments which require little more than mechanical excellence. Thus, whilst we have but two or three of the pictures of the great schools of Rome and Florence, and as many of the Lombard,—we find almost a whole side of the South-room warmed with the glorious colouring of the Venetians, and a more than average quantity of Dutch sea-pieces and landscapes, and interiors, and drolls, scattered in profusion throughout the gallery. This, with all proper respect to the directors and collectors, does not announce the attainment of the highest stage of taste, but rather that of a country not yet in a state to feel the vast superiority of those qualities which have their origin in the painter's mind, much more than in his hand. An eye only slightly exercised, may acquire a relish for a picturesque style, and for splendour of colouring—and may even be capable of forming a fair estimate of a performance of such a character; but long and diligent observation and study is required, before we obtain the necessary intelligence to appreciate the full merit of correct design, of unpretending composition, of noble invention, and, above all, of just expression. Such are the chief qualities that more or less mark the great schools above mentioned; and the possession of these have given to them the pre-eminence, which no critic nor man of taste has ever attempted to deprive them of. On the other hand, a common mind, with a little knowledge, may soon perceive much of the merit that exists in a Teniers, a Karl Jardin, in a Paul Potter, or in a "De Hooge," where nature, and not the choice of nature, has been the object of the artist's imitation. "The value of every art, (to use Sir J. Reynolds's remark,) is in proportion to the mental labour employed in it: as this principle is observed or neglected, our profession becomes either a liberal or mechanical art." These remarks do not detract, they only distinguish the degrees of merit, which different classes of painting are entitled to claim—and that the public, from blindness or from perversity, seem to mistake

them, is a conclusion forced upon us, when we find, that at public sales a little Dutch merry-making, or a miniature representation of a few cows, and a peasant in a wood, obtain prices five times as large as the sum offered for a grand work of Van Dyke, or of Ludovico Caracci.

The liberality of the proprietors, and the taste and largesses of the governors, have united to bring together this year a collection superior to its predecessor, and equal to any that has of late years been opened to the public. By familiarizing us with its varied excellence, there must result a certain diffusion of good taste. We propose in a subsequent number to notice some of the chief works. At present we will content ourselves by remarking, that the Gallery is, perhaps, less rich in historical works of the first order, than it is in fine portraits, in landscapes and sea-pieces; and in these branches of the art, as connoisseurs and artists, we are now in England more successful than in any other country. Among the landscape painters, we find specimens of Gaspar Poussin, of Claude, S. Rosa, Zuccharelli, Gainsborough, Wilson, Reynolds, and of most of the Flemish; and there is a Cuyt that makes us in love with winter.

Of the portraits, Titian, Paris Bourdon, Seb. del Piombo and Parmegiano give evidence of the fine characteristic manner of the great Italians in this province of art, where simplicity and dignity is conspicuous, and where nature is elevated and dignified without any visible effort. In those by Rembrandt, on the contrary, (and there is one of prodigious force,) we see the work of a master, whom, for effect and handling, none could surpass—but we see his great powers lavished on ignoble subjects; a vulgar female, dressed in a stuff gown, with a dagger in her hand, becomes a Cleopatra, but really appears to be a kitchen-maid with a skewer.

The celebrated Rubens, 'St. Martin dividing his garment,' and a small allegorical picture exquisitely painted—a Canaletti—and a Velasquez, are among those that will certainly please, and are deserving of admiration.

Procession of the Flitch of Bacon. Painted by T. Stothard, R.A. Engraved by James Watt.

WE think, for beauty, variety, and simplicity, this fine national picture is superior even to the 'Canterbury Pilgrimage,' of the same painter. We never before saw so much loveliness and modesty engaged in any procession either on foot or on horseback. It is related by Dr. Plot, in his History of Staffordshire, that Sir Philip de Somerville held sundry manors of the Earl of Lancaster, on condition that he should "find, maintain, and sustain one bacon flake in his hall at Winchenovra, ready to be given to every woman a year and a day after their marriage, who might be enabled to declare, upon oath, that, during all that period, they had neither repented of their contract nor desired change of partners, nor had quarrelled with their husbands." Another authority adds, that, on the flitch of bacon being claimed and obtained, "the happy pair were taken upon men's shoulders in a chair kept for that purpose, and carried round the site of the priory, from the church to the house, with drums, minstrels, and other music, the gammon of bacon being borne high before them." The painter has given form and character to this curious custom: with true poetic feeling he has dismissed all that is common or vulgar; the scene is laid in those times when simplicity of manners prevailed; and the youthful pair who claim the flitch are not only of beauty, but of rank. In the front of the procession are four minstrels or musicians cheering the march with music from four different kinds of instruments: behind them rides the hind who bears the flitch, three maidens—worthy of becoming brides—follow, scattering all kinds of flowers before the happy couple, who, in their turn, are accompa-

nied or followed by a score or so of their companions and friends: some young, bashful, and beautiful; others well acquainted, if we may judge by their looks, with the world and its ways, but all distinguished by individuality of character, and by an easy and graceful carriage. Those who desire to see ladies lovely, modest, and unaffected, and gentlemen of natural good-breeding and true spirit, all engaged in an adventure of mingled joy and seriousness, will see them far better in Mr. Watt's engraving than in our description.

MUSIC

KING'S THEATRE.

Chellard's 'Macbeth' was produced here on Wednesday last. The music generally is of the highest class of composition; the melodies are frequently accompanied with the characteristic harmony of Scotch national music, the phrases terminating with the subdominant chord preceding the tonic; the harmonies are throughout rich without being cloying, and the instrumentation most masterly. The overture is cleverly made up of detached movements from the opera. The trio of the witches, and the introduction to the air of Pellegrini (*Macbeth*), are noble specimens of dramatic composition; the bacchanalian chorus is a spirited and characteristic piece of exhilarating music, and was deservedly encored, as was the trio of bards; the quartet and chorus in the second act, with voices only, deserves most honourable mention. The air and duet in the last act are quite à l'écoissaise, and delightfully put together. In this opera Pellegrini displays great powers, both as a singer and actor. Madame De Meric and Haitzinger have not very prominent or important parts in the drama, yet their songs and duets are pleasing and expressive. Madame Devrient was great only in the last act, in the sleep-walking scene, where the roll of the drum and the tremulando of the tenors and basses were wonderfully effective. The chorus singers merit the most unbounded praise. The orchestra, which was considerably augmented for this performance, executed the overture and the accompaniments with extraordinary vigour and precision.

The public have been much indebted to M. Chellard for the series of German operas, which, notwithstanding the known inferiority of the band, and the fact that some of the singers had never met before in the same company, have, under his direction, surpassed all other musical performances.

SOCIETÀ ARMONICA.

The sixth and last Concert took place on Monday. The instrumental pieces consisted of Beethoven's symphony in c major; Spohr's overture to 'Jessonda'; and Weber's jubilee overture. Mori played a fantasia by Mayseder, with his usual skill, and was rapturously applauded. An air from Weber's 'Euryanthe,' was delightfully sung by Haitzinger. Three choruses by the Germans, viz.—'O Isis,' from the 'Zauberflöte'; a chorus from Spohr's 'Faust'; and one by Ferdinand Ries—were all very fine.

The wind-instruments were too predominant throughout—this should be corrected.

THEATRICALS

ENGLISH OPERA—OLYMPIC THEATRE.

It would appear from the report in the papers, of Messrs. Peto and Grissell's tender for building Mr. Arnold's new theatre having been accepted, that a serious move is at length making, and that the present is the last season in which we shall have to speak of this lively com-

pany as wanderers on the face of the theatrical world. For the current summer, they have taken refuge at the Olympic, and a snug quarter it is. Operations were commenced on Monday, under favourable auspices, and we rejoice to learn, that there is every appearance of a prosperous season. Miss Kelly's talents have been exerted in pieces too well known to need particular comment—and she has evinced her usual power over the smiles and tears of her audiences. The other old favourites of this company have been cordially received, and various novelties are in preparation. All, in short, looks like business, and we trust it will prove what is called, in theatrical parlance, "good business." The manager has acted wisely in keeping his prices of admission at the usual scale of the theatre.

STRAND THEATRE.

We want elbow room this week, and must therefore be brief in our theatrical notices. The author of the 'Rent Day' has been again, and deservedly, successful. The 'Golden Calf,' produced here on Saturday, was received equally, by critics and public, with a hearty welcome. It would seem that women are your only managers—Vestris closes a winter season of triumphant success, and Waylett opens a summer campaign of golden promise.

MISCELLANEA

Mr. Hood and the Comic Magazine.—We have had occasion lately to notice the very questionable advertisements of some of our contemporaries, and we had direct authority to contradict them. Now, Mr. Hood requests us to say a word or two on an announced "pending negotiation" between him and the proprietors of the Comic Magazine, and we should certainly have complied with his request, but that a word or two from his own inimitable pen will be more conclusive and satisfactory.

"Dear Athenæum,—It has been industriously announced that 'negotiations are pending' between me and the conductors of the 'Comic Magazine,' published by Kidd. I trust the Stamp Commissioners will make that advertisement pay double duty for its double dealing.

"I have had no negotiations with the parties, for it would not suit me to write for them, even if they offered—they will understand me—to post the coin, Poole measure.

"I am, dear Athenæum,
"Yours, very truly,
"THOMAS HOOD."

Illuminated MSS.—We have just been favoured with a sight of a very curious, beautiful, and interesting volume, entitled 'Illustrations of Illuminated MSS,' being a collection of extracts from rare manuscripts of the 14th and 15th centuries, principally derived from the *Bibliothèque du Roi* at Paris. It is the work of a gentleman named Costello, who has devoted much time and trouble in acquiring the materials, which are chosen with great taste. The subjects are chiefly specimens of early romance and poetry in French, Spanish, English, and German, and the whole is illustrated by copious notes in English. As the work is for sale, we should be glad to hear of its finding its way ere long into an appropriate niche in the library of some connoisseur. The volume is at present in the hands of Mr. Molteno, of Pall Mall, where it may be seen on application.

Prodigious!—An American expatiating on the merits of a certain "severe colt," belong to that "cute Yankee, Uncle Ben," relates, as a proof of the animal's agility, that it was once chased several times round the circuit of a meadow by a flash of lightning, and that the lightning could not "come within a rod of the colt."

King's College, London.—Distribution of Prizes. The Archbishop of Canterbury presided yesterday, at a numerous meeting of the friends of this institution; and upon the principal's and professors' reports, presented the prizes awarded to the following students:—In *Theology*—1st, J. A. Frere, 2nd, H. J. C. Smith, 3rd, E. Sleep, 4th, J. Smith, 5th, W. Winchester.—*Classical Literature*—Sen. Class, 1st, J. A. Frere, 2nd, E. Sleep.—*Mathematics*—1st, R. A. Gordon, 2nd, W. W. Pocock, 3rd, F. W. Shaw, 4th, R. Peppercone.—*English Literature*—Henry J. C. Smith.—*French Literature*—1st, Henry Tritton, 2nd, J. E. Cooper.—We regret that we have not space to give the names of the pupils in the junior departments, to whom prizes were awarded and presented.

Take care of your crockery.—Place a wine-glass upon the edge of a table, and another wine-glass upon the edge of another table, at the distance of three or four feet; a pine stick, of one half or three-fourths of an inch square, being then laid across the two glasses, so that its two ends may rest upon the two contiguous edges of the glasses, strike the stick at right angles, in the middle, with a heavy cane, and it will break in two, without breaking the glasses. The two pieces of the broken stick fly up to the ceiling, while the glasses remain, not only uninjured, but are not even moved from their places. I have often, successfully, repeated this curious experiment; when, however, the glasses are thin and the stick is too strong, they will break; and they will break in any event, if the stick does not.—*Silliman's Journal.*

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of Week.	Thermom. W. & Mon.	Thermom. Max. Min.	Barometer. Noon.	Winds.	Weather.
Th.	28	81½ 51	30.21	Var. to N.	Clear.
Fr.	29	83 55	30.22	N. to E.	Ditto.
Sat.	30	81 49	29.25	N. E.	Ditto.
Sun.	1	85 53	Stat.	N. W. to N.	Ditto.
Mon.	2	83 51	30.20	N. E.	Ditto.
Tues.	3	85 52	30.12	S. E. to E.	Ditto.
Wed.	4	83 53	29.93	S. E.	Ditto.

Prevailing Clouds.—Cumulus, Cirrostratus. Early in the morning, Comoid cirrostratus, Cirrocumulus. Nights and Mornings throughout the week fair.

Mean temperature of the week, 68.5°. Day decreased on Wednesday, 8 min. No night; the sun not descending far enough below the horizon to cause darkness.

NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

Fortcoming.—A third edition of the History of the Contagious Cholera, by Mr. Kennedy. The Play of *Vertigern*, by Ireland.

Just published.—Bloomfield's Greek Testament, 2 vols. 8vo. 11. 16s.—Leland's Demosthenes, 8vo. 12s.—Paris and Fonblanque's Medical Jurisprudence, 3 vols. 12. 16s.—Alexander's Travels, 2 vols. 8vo. 11. 8s.—Botanic Annual, 15s.—Buck's Life of Akenside, cr. 8vo. 9s.—Booth's Composition, 7s. 6d.—Studies of Trees, by S. Sims, of Birmingham, 10s.—Juvenile Cyclopædia, Vol. 3, roy. 18mo. 3s. 6d.—Live Doll, 18mo. 2s.—Clarendon, or Tales of the North, 12mo. 7s. 6d.—Lessons on Shells, with plates, f. 8vo. 5s. 6d.—Bregar's Daughter of Bethnal Green, as edited by Dr. Percy, 2s. 6d.—A Series of Tales, Historical and Domestic, by W. H. Harrison, 8vo. 1s.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

Next week, with other Papers, for which even our extra sheet could not afford room, will be given, 'THE COURT OF SAXE-MEININGEN,' being a translation from an interesting MSS. about to be published at Paris, under the title of 'Recollections of an Officer'; and the week after, the first part of 'A MEMOIR OF THE LATE PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY,' by his relative, school-fellow, and friend, CAPTAIN MEDWIS, illustrated by extracts from inedited Letters and Papers.

Thanks to E. B. M.—F.

We must request to be favoured, in confidence, with the name of T. P.

Several Correspondents are, we fear, waiting to hear from us by letter; we request all such to hold us excused for a short delay.

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† The whole press, as well as Metropolitan as Provincial, have been remarkably unanimous in praise of this highly-popular little Magazine; and the following extracts from a few of the leading Papers combine to make the following singularly eulogistic paragraph: "This literary gem"—(Times). "Most amusing and most elegant of the Magazines, Kidd's 'Comic,' edited by the Editor of 'Figaro in London,' who is in himself a host." (Courier). "This beautiful little periodical—the very focus of humour, wit, and gaiety." (Morning Herald). "worthy of a place in the library." (Morning Chronicle). "and, at the same time, the most elegant, the most interesting, and, withal, the cheapest ornament for the table of the drawing-room." (Court Journal). "—full of fun and humour both graphic and literary." (Literary Gazette). "replete with comic cuts and comic writing." (Athenæum). "—This pleasant little periodical, full of humour both in plans and price, whose illustrations are some of the happiest and most laughable we have yet seen." (Old Bell's Weekly Messenger). "contains several richly humorous articles by authors of the highest celebrity, illustrated by the extraordinary number of nineteen beautifully comic engravings by the celebrated Seymour." (Weekly Dispatch). "pursues its course rejoicing, and abounds in epics, cranks, and, and illustrations of practical jokes." (Morning Advertiser). "How all this can be done for the moderate price of one shilling, we are absolutely paralyzed with wonder." (John Bull).

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